

# Music & Letters

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# A PUBLISHING SURVEY *by BOOSEY & HAWKES*

**D**URING 1950 we announced in 'Music & Letters' the appearance of several notable works: Benjamin Britten's *SPRING SYMPHONY*; Richard Strauss's *FOUR LAST SONGS*; Béla Bartók's posthumous *CONCERTO FOR VIOLA AND ORCHESTRA*. In addition, there were Martinu's *FOURTH* and *FIFTH SYMPHONIES*, Strawinsky's *PERSEPHONE* and *DIVERTIMENTO*, Bloch's *CONCERTO SYMPHONIQUE* and Benjamin's *CONCERTO QUASI UNA FANTASIA* for Piano and Orchestra. This last-named work was given eight performances during the composer's recent visit to Australia. There were also Strauss's *SECOND HORN CONCERTO* and Gerald Finzi's *INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY* for tenor solo, mixed chorus and orchestra, the latter of which proved an outstanding feature of the 1950 Three Choirs Festival and which is to be given again at the same Festival in 1951. *The Times* described it as "a noble cantata" and the *Daily Telegraph* praised its fluency and accomplishment.

We are happy to state that the new year marks no slackening in the range and enterprise of our publishing plans. The winter programme includes two works by Zoltán Kodály: *MISSA BREVIS*, for Mixed Chorus (with soli) and orchestra, and *KÁDÁR KATA*, a Transylvanian folk ballad for contralto and chamber orchestra. Martinu's *SINFONIA CONCERTANTE* had first performances almost simultaneously in Britain and America during December. Other Strawinsky works in preparation are *LE BAISER DE LA FÉE*, the *PIANO CONCERTO*, *MADRID* (for two pianos) and *CAPRICCIO*. Of the remaining Richard Strauss works yet to be published we may mention here the *WALTZ 'MUNICH'*. Further items in the programme are Alwyn's *CONCERTO GROSSO No. 2* for string orchestra, the Bach/Markevitch *MUSICAL OFFERING*, Copland's *RED PONY Suite*, Martinu's *TOCCATA E DUE CANZONE* and the *THIRD SYMPHONY* of Walter Piston.

The autumn issue of our quarterly publication *TEMPO*, of which a limited number of copies is still available, contains the first part of a scholarly analysis by John S. Weissmann of Kodály's later orchestral music, and an article by Dr. Erhardt (who produced it last season at the Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires) of Strauss's *DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN*. The winter issue includes an article by Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner on his discovery of the Mozart *OBOE CONCERTO* and an article by Imogen Holst on Britten's *LET'S MAKE AN OPERA*.

Further information about any of the foregoing publications will be gladly given on request, and we would remind readers that our *SCORE OF THE MONTH CLUB* offers an invaluable service to all who are interested in acquiring full scores of contemporary works.

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## **DONIZETTI, VERDI AND MME. APPIANI**

BY FRANK WALKER

ON December 18th 1941 there appeared in the Venetian newspaper 'Il Gazzettino' an article by R. L. Caro with the interrogative title: 'Verdi rivale di Donizetti?' The rivalry suggested was only to a lesser degree that of the two as musicians; they were portrayed principally as the successive admirers, and objects of admiration, of a Milanese lady, Giuseppina Appiani, born Countess Strigelli.

The material of Caro's article was all taken from Carlo Gatti's monumental biography of Verdi (Milan, 1931). No one could describe that work as sensation-seeking, but it did happen that here, as when dealing with the much-discussed later question of Verdi's relations with Teresa Stolz, Gatti took a strong line. If the great man really had feet of clay he was determined to expose them. And so, in the midst of an admirably assembled eleven hundred pages of facts, we come across occasional bold suppositions, fanciful interpretations of enigmatic documents and suggestions of human weakness which would have horrified an earlier generation of idolators.

Where the existing documents present no clear case psychology and imagination must be called in to supplement them by any biographer. The operation, however, is dangerous. The psychological probe needs delicate handling. The scalpel of the imagination, unless employed with something akin to genius, is capable of inflicting fearsome mutilations. However skilfully the biographer goes to work, such conclusions as are arrived at by deduction and manipulation of unsatisfactory and incomplete evidence are apt to survive only for a time. New documents generally turn up, sooner or later, which destroy the foundations of the older speculations and make a fresh beginning necessary. The recent publication

of Guido Zavadini's 'Donizetti: Vita, Musiche, Epistolario'<sup>1</sup> has enormously simplified research concerning this composer and invites re-examination of Verdi's and Donizetti's relations with Giuseppina Appiani.

In 1837 the death of Donizetti's adored wife Virginia, aged only twenty-eight, turned the flowery world for him into a desert. Henceforth, although fêted and honoured almost everywhere, he was at heart a homeless wanderer, an intensely lonely man, seeking distraction from despair. The principal recipient of his confidences was his brother-in-law Antonio Vasselli, his beloved "Toto". To him he wrote, six days after the tragedy:

O Toto, my Toto, let my sorrow find an echo in yours, for I have need of someone who understands me. I shall be eternally unhappy. Don't repulse me, remember that we are alone on the earth. O Toto, Toto, write to me for pity's sake, for the love of your Gaetano.

A week later:

Forgive me, my Toto, but I am not yet able to tell you how and when I lost so much. I still believe I am dreaming, still the fatal door is shut and still I dare not remain alone. The distress I feel on your account is equal to my own; but believe it, my Toto, I spared nothing—masses, vows, three doctors, the midwife. . . .

This morning I gave away the new cradle, that should have served . . . Everything, I have lost everything! Without father, without mother, without wife, without children . . . for whom do I go on working? And why? Oh, my Toto, come to me, I beg you on my knees, come in October.

Perhaps you will be of comfort to me—and I to you. . . . The house was for her, the carriage was for her . . . she did not even try it. . . . Oh God, God! My Toto, write to me and forgive if I am more importunate now than usual. You alone remain to me. I shall be unhappy until she intercedes with God for my death and our eternal reunion.

September 21st 1837:

Must I tell you? . . . I seem to be waiting for her. . . . It seems that she must return . . . that she is in Rome. . . . I weep for her still as on the first day.

March 17th 1838:

I cannot write or speak of her without shedding tears—always, always, always. Yesterday I had masses said for her.

August 3rd 1842:

I am still under the impression of a day most desolate for me,

<sup>1</sup> Bergamo, 1948. Twelve additional Donizetti letters, unknown to Zavadini, are published in Vol. IV of Alessandro Luzio's 'Carteggi Verdiani,' Rome 1947, from the archives at Sant' Agata.



and your last letter increases my sadness. It doesn't matter. I shall try to distract myself, if I can,  
and

Why do you talk of other women? Oh, laugh away, and believe me that I weep still as on the first day. . . .

Against this background the rest of Donizetti's life and activities must be judged.

There can be few more searching tests of character than the publication of a collected edition of any man's letters. Donizetti, subjected to this ordeal by Guido Zavadini—who deserves the highest praise for his scrupulous editing—emerges from it creditably. Weaknesses are apparent but so are outstanding virtues such as his life-long devotion to Mayr, his first teacher, his loyalty to family and friends, his true and extraordinary modesty about his own works and, most striking of all, his wonderful generosity of mind towards rival composers—who were never treated by him as rivals. In particular, his attitude to Bellini compares very favourably with that of Bellini towards him. Whatever their comparative merits as composers, there can be no doubt that Donizetti was the more sympathetic character. In reading this correspondence, however, one cannot fail to remark, as time goes on, the increasing coarseness of language, particularly in the letters to Antonio Vasselli. Half a dozen indecencies are monotonously repeated. It is the automatic, humourless swearing of the weary conscript soldier. Must the campaign go on for ever? Will peace never come? With these meaningless oaths Donizetti helps himself along the road that leads to the asylum at Ivry.

For six months, from sometime in September 1841 until early March 1842, the forty-four year old composer was at Milan. He was occupied first with the composition and then with the rehearsing of 'Maria Padilla', successfully produced at the Scala theatre on December 26th. Then in the new year he was busy with the composition of 'Linda di Chamounix' for Vienna. This opera was written while he was staying at Giuseppina Appiani's house, as several letters show. The fact that he never mentions 'Maria Padilla' as having been written under her roof suggests that only during the latter part of his stay at Milan was he this lady's guest. During the early months of 1842 he became very friendly with her—according to Gatti and his followers, more than friendly. Although called to Bologna by Rossini, who wished him to conduct a performance of his 'Stabat Mater', Donizetti stayed on at Milan for the first performance of Verdi's 'Nabucco', on March 9th. His interest had been aroused at the rehearsals, and on the 6th he wrote

urging friends at Bergamo to attend at least one performance of the new opera. In the carriage that took him to Bologna, on the 10th, he sat lost in thought, taking no part in his companions' conversation, while they heard him exclaim: "Oh, that 'Nabucco'! Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!"

From Bologna Donizetti went to Vicenza and on to Vienna, where he arrived on March 27th.

Meanwhile, the triumph of 'Nabucco' had opened all doors to Verdi at Milan. "He found himself suddenly beset by a crowd of friends who had need to tell him how much they had always loved him, what attention they had always given him, how they had anxiously followed his first steps. They had all known him, all protected him, all encouraged him; all had done something for him, all had divined his genius, all had foretold his brilliant success. They all wanted to press his hand, to walk arm in arm with him, to address him as 'Tu'".<sup>1</sup> He began to frequent the drawing-rooms of the Milanese aristocracy. In the autograph album of Sophie De' Medici, Marquise of Marignano, we find on pages 18-19 an entry in Donizetti's hand, the beginning of a song, 'Io amo la mestizia', with the remark: "Vous êtes priée d'y faire l'accompagnement, ainsi nous serons deux auteurs." The very next entry, after two blank pages, is by Verdi. On pages 22-24 is an otherwise unknown setting of an Italian translation of Goethe's 'Erster Verlust', dated: "Milan, May 6th 1842".<sup>2</sup> From about the same period date the beginnings of Verdi's friendship with the Countess Maffei, Donna Emilia Morosini and Giuseppina Appiani.

According to Carlo Gatti, Mme. Appiani, born Countess Strigelli, was the widow of a son of the painter Andrea Appiani. Her husband, who killed himself "as a result of his disordered way of life", had left her with three gracious daughters. In the Borgo Monforte she held her salon, attended by the artistic bohemians of Milan. Donizetti, again according to Gatti (Vol. I, pp. 209-10):

sends Mme. Appiani letters from Vienna, in which his longing for his distant friend and nostalgia for his abandoned cosy corner are obvious, although he protests to his relatives that his friendship with Mme. Appiani is an innocent one, [*sebbene protesti coi parenti che egli e l'Appiani si conoscono "candidamente"*]. One of these letters bears five consecutive dates, as if the composer did not wish to part with the sheet of paper to which he had confided his whole heart, that it might pass into loved hands. . . . Another letter, with two consecutive dates (the correspondence is continued for precisely a week)

<sup>1</sup> Michele Lessona, 'Volere è potere', Florence, 1869. The account of his early struggles given in this book is based on information supplied by Verdi himself.

<sup>2</sup> See "Goethe's 'Erster Verlust' set to music by Verdi" ('The Music Review', February 1948)

ends thus: "Remember your most affectionate Gaetano and love him as he loves you." Mme. Appiani sends him a pair of slippers she has herself embroidered, and asks him for news of the opera born in her house; and Donizetti replies narrating the success of 'Linda', just performed, and the mediocre state of his health, invoking her, in closest confidence: "Help me, my Peppina!" But absence lays traps for the liveliest affections. Donizetti is not a model of constancy in his loves . . . the woman, for her part, is changeable by nature. Verdi redoubles his visits to Mme. Appiani and the more he makes, the more she would like him to make.

Before we follow this romance farther it must be pointed out that Gatti has confused two different women with the same surname.

On July 3rd 1843 Donizetti wrote to his brother-in-law:

Signora Cristina Appiani is coming to Rome as governess to the children of the Prince of Compagnano. I knew her when she had a carriage and horses. Her husband's suicide, as a result of his disordered way of life, left her in a bad position, with two children to maintain and endless debts to pay. She is a woman adorable on every account, highly educated, most good-natured, unhappy, but always amiable. I suggest you introduce her to your wife and family and treat her with all your customary kindness. Having known her in times of prosperity, it is extremely painful for me to see her reduced to earning bread for herself and her children. If you see her make a nice face at my portrait, do not suspect things; ours is an innocent relationship [*ci conosciamo candidamente*], and she will do it because I have just lent her 300 Austrian lire for the journey. But don't mention that to her. In the good old days she was the friend of my friend Pedroni.

The incomplete text of this letter appeared in 'Lettere inedite di G. Donizetti' (Rome, 1892). G. Donati-Petteni reprinted it in his 'L' Istituto musicale Gaetano Donizetti' (Bergamo, 1928), and he was responsible for altering the Christian name of the lady concerned, thus leading Gatti astray. Donizetti's subsequent correspondence makes it clear that Cristina Appiani in Rome and Giuseppina Appiani in Milan were two distinct persons. We are concerned with the latter. There exist eight letters to her from Donizetti and thirteen letters and four undated notes to her from Verdi. Clearly we no longer have to believe that her husband killed himself "as a result of his disordered way of life" and we no longer have to take into account a statement by Donizetti that their relationship was "innocent". Further information about her is given by Raffaello Barbiera<sup>4</sup> in discussing, in his romantic and picturesque way, the poet Giovanni Prati:

His most fervent admirer is perhaps Giuseppina Appiani, born Strigelli, of Milan, daughter-in-law of the celebrated painter

<sup>4</sup> 'Il salotto della Contessa Maffei', 4th edition, 1895, pp. 101-102.

Appiani and daughter of the State Councillor Antonio Strigelli, on whose death Prati wrote an epitaph in *ottava rima*. This lady, friend of the composers Donizetti and Bellini (who, while her guest in Via Monforte, composed suave melodies at a reading-desk that is still preserved), is distinguished for her beauty; she passes for one of the loveliest women of Italy; and her charms [*le sue forme*], for which Hayez sighed, will be perfectly conserved, like those of Ninon de Lenclos, up to her old age.

Barbiera does not connect her name with Verdi's.

It should be possible for the local historians of Milan to discover more about this lady. The sources of information, however, are by no means obvious, as is shown by the fact that even Gatti has confused her with someone else and in the past twenty years no one has ever noticed this. We should like to know how old she was at the time of the supposed rivalry of Donizetti and Verdi for her favours; what really happened to her husband; how many children she had and how old they were; what was her relationship to Prati and to Hayez; whether there was anyone else in the case; and how far Barbiera's comparison between her and Ninon de Lenclos is to be pressed. If we knew all this we should be in a better position to interpret Donizetti's and Verdi's surviving letters. As it is, clues provided by these letters give grounds for supposing that Gatti has drawn wrong conclusions.

Donizetti's letter concerning Cristina Appiani, mistakenly believed by Donati-Petteni and Gatti to refer to our Giuseppina Appiani, says that she was left with two children to maintain. Gatti, doubtless on the evidence of Donizetti's letters, says that Giuseppina was left with "three gracious daughters". But this by no means exhausts the tale of her offspring. Donizetti always sends greetings to her "dear and lovely daughters" and to her sons as well. A letter of June 4th 1842 names three daughters—Adele, Eugenia and Angiolina ("Angioleu"). Eugenia is mentioned in one of Verdi's letters, of February 25th 1854, from which it appears that she was a writer or composer; she was interested in a piece called 'Graziella', on which Verdi's opinion had been asked. A fourth daughter is referred to in a letter of Donizetti's of March 9th 1844: "To the other daughter-mother whom I seldom had the pleasure of meeting, my homage." This is perhaps the "mamina" to whom greetings are sent in a letter of May 9th 1842. The fourth daughter was evidently already married and a mother, so that Giuseppina by 1844, and possibly by 1842, was a grandmother. There were at least two sons, mentioned in several letters, and indicated in that of March 9th 1844 as "my painter" and "the wages-devourer" (*divoratore di pagnotte*). The painter-son was almost certainly Andrea



Appiani the younger (1817-1865), grandson,<sup>1</sup> according to the 'Enciclopedia Italiana', of Giuseppina's father-in-law, the more famous Andrea Appiani the elder (1754-1817). The 'Enciclopedia' tells us that the younger Appiani "studied at Milan under Hayez and in Rome under Minardi; painted historical and genre pictures and, in the church of Bolbeno in Trentino, frescos on religious subjects." In this connection one of Donizetti's letters to Antonio Vasselli, written at Milan on March 4th 1842, towards the end of his stay in Giuseppina Appiani's house, is interesting, although it raises a problem:

I received the box with the portraits, the stones and the prints, and have already gained good marks from the lady of the house and her daughters by the portraits. To the son of the above-mentioned lady I have given the prints (he is son of the painter Appiani and paints himself and was in Rome).

In the passage in brackets in this letter the word "figlio" must be either a slip on Donizetti's part or a misreading on the part of the editor of his letters for "nipote"—we should otherwise have to conclude that Giuseppina was not the daughter-in-law but the widow of the elder Andrea Appiani. And in that case, since he died in 1817 and had been paralysed for four years before, she would have to have given birth to all her six or more children by 1813 or thereabouts. This seems highly improbable. As it is, if we accept the statements of Barbiera and Gatti that Giuseppina was the daughter-in-law of the elder Appiani, it seems that one of her children was born as far back as 1817. The second son is probably identifiable as the Carlo Appiani mentioned in a letter (published by Carlo Giordano in 'Giovanni Prati: Studio biografico', Turin, 1907), from Giovanni Prati, the poet fervently admired by Giuseppina, to the Abate Bernardi, Prefect of the Ginnasio at Padua, in 1843:

The young Dr. Carlo Appiani is coming to Padua as assistant engineer at the railway station.

He, too, cannot have been much less than twenty years of age at that time.

Such information as is available, then, about Giuseppina Appiani suggests that she was born about 1797—supposing her to have been about twenty when her eldest son was born. If it should be discovered that the younger Andrea Appiani was not her son, then the existence of the "daughter-mother" in 1844, and possibly already in 1842, would still point to a date not very much later

<sup>1</sup> "Nipote", which, of course, could also mean nephew. The dates make this improbable. Thieme and Becker (*Allgemeines Lexikon der bildenden Künstler*) make him the "Gross-neffe" of the elder Appiani. But the Italian for this would be "pronipote".

than 1797 for Giuseppina's birth. In fact the evidence suggests that at the time of the beginning of the supposed rivalry between Donizetti and Verdi she was a woman of about forty-five. She certainly had six children, some of them already adult, and was a grandmother by 1844, if not by 1842. All this does not, of course, make it impossible that she should have flirted first with Donizetti and then with Verdi, but it does make it seem rather more unlikely, even if her "forme" were well preserved as those of Ninon de Lenclos. Even the three children Gatti grants her would be a handicap in adventures of this nature, let alone the six which she had in reality. And then there was the grandchild. And Prati, a notoriously unfaithful husband, who was in Milan from 1841 to 1843—precisely at this time. And Hayez, sighing in the background (he must surely have painted her portrait at some time or other). And Mr. Sandrini.

Verdi in a letter dated December 26 1843, sends greetings to "Sandrini and all your fine family". Donizetti in all his letters to Giuseppina Appiani sends greetings to this "Signor", "Monsieur" or "Mr." Sandrini, immediately after those to her daughters and sons. Who was he? A relative? An old friend of the family? He evidently lived with the Appianis. It seems at least possible that he was a more intimate friend of Giuseppina's than any of the others, that he occupied in her life the position, say, that Carlo Tenca occupied in that of the Countess Maffei. If this could be proved it would go a long way towards showing up what has been written about the relations of Donizetti and Verdi with Mme. Appiani for the nonsense it assuredly is. I put forward this suggestion about Sandrini with diffidence, as a possible line of further research. But I have seldom been more surprised in the course of my own delvings than when I looked up the epitaph that Prati is supposed to have written for Giuseppina Appiani's father. It is published by Barbiera, in an appendix to his 'Grandi e piccole memorie' (Florence, 1910):

There is an unpublished poem in *ottava rima* by Giovanni Prati, written for the tomb of the nobleman Antonio Strigelli, magistrate at Milan, and relative of the painter Andrea Appiani:

Savio consiglio d'incorrotta mente,  
Alma gentile in securtà temprata,  
Nobil costume, che alla varia gente  
Dona del cor testimonianza ornata;  
Rigido scudo d'onesta lucente,  
Iracondo de' vili alle peccata.  
Nol conoscete ancor? . . . V'ò detto assai:  
Il nome in questi carmi io ne segnai.

Barbiera has failed to notice that this poem is an acrostic on the name SANDRINI. And with that I hand over this problem to the historians of Milan.

We have seen something now of the background of Donizetti's life at this period, and something of Mme. Appiani's circumstances. What about Verdi? The biographers have little to tell us about the post-Nabucco period; in fact, they generally content themselves with retailing two stale anecdotes about 'I Lombardi' and one about 'Ernani'. Letters are not plentiful, apart from the business correspondence with the management of the Teatro Fenice at Venice, from 1843 onwards. From 1844 we have the invaluable correspondence of Verdi's pupil Muzio with their mutual benefactor Antonio Barezzi. But what is written about Verdi's private life in the years immediately following the triumph of 'Nabucco' is based on surmise, deriving from a handful of surviving letters to ladies in Milanese society and a few passages of later reminiscence. The tone of some of these early letters is curiously un-Verdian. "The Bear of Busseto" they called him, and he often used the phrase of himself; but the bear revealed here is very tame, standing on his hind legs and entertaining the ladies—or trying to. The letters are written on Bath paper, the fashionable stationery of the day, and employ, rather clumsily, the language of gallantry. They offer infinite possibilities of misinterpretation.

In two letters from 1842, addressed to Donna Emilia Morosini\*, we find phrases like these: "Remember that I am all tenderness; I die of tenderness," and "I am always tender, impassioned, ardent, half-dead for you." It would be foolish to conclude that Verdi was in love with this lady. She was, like Mme. Appiani, his senior by a whole generation and mother of a bevy of daughters, four of whom are named in these letters: "What is Peppina doing? And my dear Bigettina? A kiss to the latter and nothing to the former. With Peppina I have large accounts to settle. She won't escape me." . . . "A thousand good wishes to that most kind, most amiable, most adorable Annetta; also to that naughty little Carolina; nothing to Peppina—I won't hear of it." Peppina, one suspects, was Verdi's favourite. She was a charming, dark-ringed girl of eighteen at this time<sup>7</sup>. While the family was in the country he wrote to her mother: "The cruel one! While she wanders about on horseback, or donkeyback, with her thoughts in

\* Published by Carlo Graziani in 'Giuseppe Verdi: Autobiografia dalle lettere' (Verona 1941).

<sup>7</sup> Graziani reproduces her portrait ("about 1842"), together with one of her mother by Hayez. She lived until 1909 and Verdi corresponded with her up to the last month of his life.

the third heaven, she perhaps never thinks of the wretched mortals who are in a state of desperation for her." Annetta was rather older than Peppina and there was another daughter, not named in Verdi's correspondence, who was the eldest of all.

Donizetti's letters from Vienna to Giuseppina Appiani also offer plentiful opportunities for misunderstandings, as he himself realized when he wrote at the end of one of them: "Don't show anyone my letters, for people might take our jokes in earnest." They are also very imprecisely dated—often with only the day of the month—and by taking them in the wrong order it is possible, as Gatti has shown, to make them suggest all sorts of things. Every one of them has now been precisely dated by Zavadini, by study of the postmarks and collation with the rest of Donizetti's correspondence. The first, written on April 3rd 1842, is a good-humoured, garrulous account of his journey and the performance of Mercadante's 'La Vestale' on the previous evening. It employs the "voi" and the French "vous", as do all these letters, and contains no warmer expressions than these: "As for wanting me back at Milan, I believe you are the only one who does, and you know that one nut in a bag doesn't make any noise. Even your lovely daughters don't want me. But I'll punish them. Greet them for me. The sons as well." And: "Greetings to Mr. Sandrini, and a thousand thanks! To you? Choose, or rather, guess!" He signs himself: "The Lodger".

The next letter, dated "9 or 10" and postmarked May 10th, acknowledges receipt of the embroidered slippers: "Oh, my gigantic feet! You were never so luxuriously wrapped up!" He sends thanks first of all to Giuseppina herself, for buying the material, then to the "dear and lovely girls, who spent so many hours working for me, after I had annoyed them for months by repeating chords upon chords for hours on end", and finally to Mr. Sandrini, who seems to have been responsible for posting the slippers, or finding some other way of having them conveyed to Vienna. Gatti is thus wrong when he says that Giuseppina embroidered these slippers for Donizetti herself. Here is the conclusion of this letter:

I have just finished the rehearsal of the first act. . . . Dear Lord, how many mistakes! . . . Horrible! And to be compelled to be silent, and not be able to make myself understood! I, who could have settled everything in four minutes, to stand there four hours for a little first act! What will happen to the rest? Oh! Pity me, *Madame et Mesdemoiselles*—and the children too. . . . Pity the poor harlequin. . . . I am very tired.

Farewell my lovely ones, my lovely one, my dear, dear ones, dear one. . . . Farewell *Biondina*; farewell lady, you who remind



me of one who is no more. Farewell Crosspatch, even at the piano; farewell Angioleu . . . farewell male offspring. Farewell little mother, farewell *sor Sandrin*. I have heard now from General Vaccari that His Highness\* will be at court this evening, so we shall come to some agreement.

Infamous weather—rain, wet and cold. Yesterday evening Donzelli in 'Otello' reminded of better days. . . . Kisses to you all. Remember your affectionate Gaetano and love him as he loves you.

Have we really to conclude that Donizetti was in love with Giuseppina Appiani? It is clear that he had been happy in her household at Milan, and that there were ties of deep affection between him and his hostess and her sons and daughters. There was evidently some physical resemblance between Giuseppina and his lost Virginia, and he had remarked on this. She was of his own generation; he felt drawn to her. It is possible that an intimate relationship might have developed if circumstances had permitted. But the fact that he does not use the intimate forms of address suggests that this had not come about yet. And he was to see very little more of her. On May 26th he tells of the success of 'Linda' and of his sore throat:

I am drinking milk and hot water, and sugar. It troubles me the more coming at such a time, as precisely this morning I have to begin rehearsals with the choir for the 'Stabat', to be performed on Tuesday evening without fail. How shall I get on this morning, without speaking, without shouting? Help me, my Peppina!

This is the context of Gatti's invocation "in closest confidence".

On June 4th Donizetti has to announce that he has been approached about the possibility of his becoming Court Composer to the Emperor. He will be leaving Vienna shortly but is still uncertain where to go. Business affairs call him to Paris and to Naples, but his heart calls him to Milan more than anywhere else: "If I come to Milan will you put me up? Have you the room free for the poor coffee-connoisseur?" This letter is dated: "Vienna, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8—Saturday, in short, 1842." It bears the postmarks "Vienna, June 5th" and "Milan, June 10th". Clearly Donizetti himself was not sure of the date and, equally clearly, the letter was actually written on Saturday, June 4th. Gatti's misunderstanding is patent:

One of these letters bears five consecutive dates, as if the composer did not wish to part with the sheet of paper to which he had confided his whole heart.

The other letter "with two consecutive dates" (actually "9 or 10")

\* Probably Metternich, who had to inquire whether the Empress would accept the dedication of 'Linda'.

is the second of the series, already quoted, and Gatti's "week" stretches from June 4th backwards to May 10th.

For just over a fortnight in July Donizetti was again Mme. Appiani's guest at Milan; a letter to a friend, dated July 29th, is written from her house, just prior to his departure for Naples. Only a few days later he was writing to his brother-in-law: "Why do you talk of other women? Oh, laugh away, and believe me that I weep still as on the first day." In September he asked Giovanni Ricordi to convey his regards and thanks to "Sandrini and Signora Peppina Appiani and family."

Verdi has not yet appeared on the scene, so far as can be judged from the available documents. The earliest surviving dated letters from him to Giuseppina Appiani are from December 1843. There are also four undated notes, not improbably from 1843.

In all the dated letters are only a few phrases, here and there, that could be picked out as possibly implying more than they actually say. These have, needless to say, been picked out and made to imply a great deal. Without knowledge of the circumstances in which they were written and of the letters to which they reply it is not possible to decide what these few phrases really mean. But they can at least be put back into their contexts and seen in perspective. The whole correspondence is carried on in a tone of cordial but always respectful friendliness, and the lady is always addressed in the polite third person. This is so even in the series of undated notes that are supposed to represent their most intimate exchanges.

Around these notes Gatti weaves an imaginative story. He begins by ante-dating one of Donizetti's letters by more than two years. He quotes an enigmatic passage about Troy having been destroyed by Love, and the dust of that city having spread itself over Vienna, and asks: "What does he mean to say? Does Donizetti begin to suspect the relations current between Mme. Appiani and Verdi?" Zavadini dates the letter in question June 18th 1845—certainly with justice, as comparison with letters on either side makes clear.\* But Gatti is writing about 1843:

That those relations are becoming continually closer does not escape Mme. Appiani's friends, and one of them may have advised Donizetti, who, disinclined to jealousy and rancour, passes shortly from scorn to joke. But Verdi is offended. Even in joke he won't endure interference in his affairs—especially in intimate ones. He likes to visit Mme. Appiani's house; the courtesy and spirit of the

\* Reference to the bad effect of the Viennese climate on his nerves, as in the previous letter (June 7th, to Antonio Dolci); reference to the failure of Merelli's Italian season, as in the following letter (June 29th, to Gaetano Melzi): reference to his impending visit to Paris.

hostess attract him. A few notes, scraps of Bath paper (the finest and most elegant of the day), sent by hand in a hurry, one after the other, some in the small hours of the morning, reveal his desire, his eagerness, for appointments far from indiscreet eyes. One of these notes says: "Very well: I will go at three; but it is necessary for me to know where I must go. Meanwhile, a thousand thanks. Write."

Certainly Mme. Appiani knows of the friendship between Verdi and Giuseppina Strepponi and is not ignorant of the sympathy felt by the Maestro for Erminia Frezzolini: two women (*honni soit qui mal y pense*) are already too many and not even a third favourite can be happy about it. Some pointed remark, some pretension to get the upper hand of the others, provoke Verdi's rebellion: "I am furious, desolated, but you must renounce the position of Sultana. I thank you nonetheless and press your hands."

Peace is soon restored: Mme. Appiani seeks news of him, asking if he is ill. And Verdi replies: "I am extremely well, and very soon indeed I am coming to hear the interrupted anecdotes of our common friend. Good morning." Then it is he who seeks out his lady friend and the cordial atmosphere of her house: "Are these maccheroni to be eaten or not? I want to Neapolitanize myself at Milan."

*Honni soit qui mal y pense*, indeed! How does Gatti know that any of these poor little scraps of paper were penned "in the small hours of the morning"? How does he know in what order they were written? Or that Verdi was eager for appointments "far from indiscreet eyes"? Or how the curious remark about "the position of Sultana" is to be interpreted? The reference to Giuseppina Strepponi is justified, since it is by no means out of the question that she and Verdi had already become intimate, although the course of her career must have meant that they saw each other somewhat infrequently. But if *this* Giuseppina already held a place in Verdi's heart, it is unlikely indeed that there was any room there for the other one—Mme. Appiani. The idea that there was anything between Erminia Frezzolini and Verdi is based entirely on a passage in one of Muzio's letters to Antonio Barezzi, Verdi's father-in-law, from which we learn that Mme. Frezzolini's husband Poggi had opened two of the composer's letters and kept them (November 1845). But the formal and reserved terms (quoted by Muzio) in which the lady complains that she has had no reply, and the fact that Verdi told her she should ask her husband for the missing letters, make it fairly clear that Poggi's suspicions were unjustified.

By searching only a little farther a fourth, a fifth, even a sixth beauty could have been added to the hypothetical harem. Was he not "dying of tenderness" for Emilia Morosini in 1842, and at the same time "in a state of desperation" for her daughter Peppina? And does not Barbiera, the incurable romantic, tell us in his

'Passioni del Risorgimento' (Milan, 1903) that "Giuseppe Verdi, in his youth, palpitated for Gina della Somaglia, and she returned, gratefully, the sweet affection of the great man, singing with passion the popular cavatinas of the hirsute, leonine Maestro"?

On December 9th 1843 Verdi sent Mme. Appiani the following note:

Today I am more harassed than yesterday or the day before: tomorrow I leave for Venice. Ours is a troubled life, God knows. I'm in such good health that I'm indignant about it. Before lunch I'll come to salute you. Good morning. Good morning. This fine sunshine annoys me.

It would seem to have been written in tearing high spirits. But no! It reveals, we are told, "how sorry he was to leave Milan". And then he writes to her next time *at one o'clock in the morning*.

Venice, December 26th, 1843.

One hour after midnight.<sup>10</sup>

You are impatient to hear news of 'I Lombardi' and I send you the very latest: it's not a quarter of an hour since the curtain fell. 'I Lombardi' was a grand fiasco: one of those fiascos that are truly classical. Everything was either disapproved or just tolerated, except the cabaletta of the vision. This is the simple truth; I tell it to you without either pleasure or sorrow. I am in a hurry and must leave off, begging you to greet from me Sandrini and all your fine family. Always your most affectionate friend

G. Verdi.

I confess I am unable to read as much into these letters as Gatti does.

There is an interesting letter from Donizetti, at Vienna, dated January 22nd 1844. The whole of the first part (written in French) takes the form of an imaginary dialogue:

Here we are. What do you mean: "Here we are"? Yes, here we are. After such a long silence? It's owing to the long silence that I said: "Here we are". Brigand! Very well! Lazy man! Quite true! Ah! But tell me, don't these names annoy you? Not at all, Madame, I am disposed to hear them all and to put up with everything from a friend. Not at all, I am your mortal enemy. I don't believe it. Someone told me that, but more politely, that is to say, that you breathe, palpitate only for Verdi, and your own letter betrays you. But I approve your passion; the more you love artists of high talent, the more I shall esteem you. I cannot be offended about it. My turn for sympathy is over; another must take my place. The world wants something fresh; people have given place to us; we must give place to others. I am all the happier to give place to a man of talent like Verdi. Friendship fears the worst, but you can rest assured of the success of this young man. The Venetians will esteem him as the Milanese do, for the heart is the same everywhere. In any case, if his success

<sup>10</sup> i.e. actually written on the 27th.

does not answer the expectations of his friends, that will not prevent the good Verdi from occupying before very long one of the most honourable places in the ranks of composers.

The rest of the letter contains nothing significant. It ends with the usual greeting to the dear girls, "the painter" and Mr. Sandrini. It is evident that Giuseppina had been gravely concerned at Verdi's report on his 'Lombardi' fiasco at Venice and had expressed her concern in a letter to Donizetti. She wrote to him again after the production of 'Linda' at Milan on March 2nd, and Donizetti replied on March 9th:

Your mysterious letter gave me the greatest pleasure. You speak of *happiness*, of the *future*, of *philosophical reflections*, etc., and I destroy all that with a word, which if I mistake not will certainly solve the riddle—

it's all *false*.

Keep therefore for others your reflections and advice, and you will do something very useful. In proof of this truth, I hope in the summer to confute these things myself and to repeat to you, "It's all false" at the top of my voice, indoors and in the garden.

Thank you for the news you send of 'Linda', and for your remembrance of how and where it came into existence.

To Gatti this is "biting irony"<sup>11</sup>. Considered, however, in connection with the previous letter, which Gatti does not refer to or quote, it is surely to be read as nothing more than a piece of persiflage. Giuseppina could evidently take a joke, and give as good as she got in return.

March 9th was also the date of the first performance of 'Ernani', and Donizetti assured his friend that he hoped and believed that it would have the greatest success. "You know me", he wrote, "and I believe it is not necessary to tell you that my good wishes are sincere." He praised Verdi everywhere he went and, after 'Ernani' had triumphed at Venice, he passed from words to deeds, making known through a mutual friend that he was prepared to assist in any way necessary to secure the success of the new opera in Vienna as well. Was this perhaps at the suggestion of Giuseppina Appiani? The one surviving letter from Verdi to Donizetti concerns this pleasing incident and rare example of a composer's going out of his way to help a rival.

Milan, May 18th, 1844.

Honoured Maestro.

It was a pleasant surprise for me to read your letter to

<sup>11</sup> Vol. I, p. 230. Gatti's idea that the mode of address, "Pregiatissima amica", employed in this letter, indicates a more ceremonious attitude than the "Cara amica", "Cara Donna Peppina" and "Chère Madame" of earlier ones is hard to maintain in view of its use in the very first letter of all.



Pedroni, in which you so kindly offer to help at the rehearsals of my 'Ernani'.

I have no hesitation at all in accepting, with the deepest gratitude, your courteous offer, certain that my music can only greatly gain if *Donizetti* deigns to give it his attention. Thus I can hope that the spirit of that work will be fully appreciated.

I beg you to occupy yourself both with the general direction and with such minor adjustments as may be necessary, especially in *Ferretti's* part.

To you, *Sig. Cavaliere*, I pay no compliments. You are one of those few men who have sovran gifts and no need of individual praise. The favour you bestow on me is too great for you to doubt my gratitude.

With profoundest esteem,

Your humble servant,

G. Verdi.

*Donizetti* never ceased to admire *Verdi* and to wish him well.

*Donizetti* was at Milan for a few days at the beginning of August 1844, and for two days in the following November. He probably saw *Mme. Appiani* then for the last time. In December he was back in Vienna; in July 1845 he went to Paris. Shortly after his arrival he fell ill and symptoms of mental alienation before long became apparent. He grew worse and in February 1846 had to be put into an asylum.

Meanwhile *Verdi* wrote occasionally to *Giuseppina Appiani* from *Busseto*, *Naples* and *Venice*.

*Gatti* tells us: "*Mme. Appiani* writes to him, calling him 'dearest' and employing affectionate expressions, though reproving him for leaving her without news, and she sends him, as she had already done for *Donizetti* (now incurably ill), a little intimate gift—a pair of braces." This is deduced from *Verdi's* letter from *Venice* of December 22nd 1845, which includes a reference to *Donizetti*:

No, I'm not "dearest" at all. I don't pretend to it. I pretend to many things, but not to amiability or beauty. No, no, certainly not: I am nothing more or less than a blundering sort of person, and yet at bottom I'm not so bad, and I think much of you and yours, although you, without really believing it, wish to reprove me for the contrary. I am extremely busy finishing 'Attila', because I should like to put it on about January 28th; I have also had to write a cavatina for *Mme. Loewe*, which is her own property and which she will use for her entry in 'Giovanna d'Arco'. I have not taken, nor am I taking, the rehearsals of this opera, which I yet love very much, but I should not have been able to stand up to the work and it would have been so many hours lost to 'Attila'. I am very pleased with the latter and unless the devil brings us bad luck it should turn out very well. I have not received the braces. I hope I shall receive a long letter after Boxing Day, and I will write you one telling of the outcome of 'Giovanna', although I'm not going

to hear it. Tell me about Pedroni and Mme. Perey. If you can give me news of the *sick man* you will give me the best of presents: others would not believe me sincere, but you will. If I don't love Art for myself I am interested in it for *his* sake and for the sake of the prestige it brings our country. . . . Believe me the most affectionate of your most affectionate dear-ones.

The last sentence rather more than counterbalances the first.

Other letters followed, from London and Paris, in 1847 and 1848. One written on August 22nd 1847 gives an account of Donizetti's condition. Verdi had not been to see him in the asylum, having been advised not to do so, but he intended, if the opportunity presented itself, to pay a secret visit. He had been told that the sick man appeared well, physically, except that his head was constantly bent forward on his chest and his eyes closed. He was eating and sleeping well, but hardly ever spoke a word. If he were more animated, even raving, the doctors said, there would be more hope. As things were, only a miracle could save him. "It's desolating; it's too desolating."

Within a year Donizetti was dead.

After an interval of six years we have two letters from Verdi to Giuseppina Appiani from 1854. He was then in Paris. The first of these letters is that, mentioned above, in which he gives, for the benefit of Giuseppina's daughter Eugenia, his opinion of a play apparently based on Lamartine's 'Graziella'; the second, dated October 21st, represents in all probability the end of this correspondence and of a friendship of some eleven or twelve years' standing:

Your letter reached Peppina by chance, by pure chance. As the address you decided to affix is unknown to the door of this house, that gracious letter ran the risk of getting lost if, I repeat, pure chance had not led me to meet the postman who, seeing a name ending in i, asked me about it. I took it and carried it to its destination. Peppina told me that, having renounced arts and letters, and not keeping up any correspondence except with her family and a few very intimate friends, she would be grateful if I would make her excuses and reply to a letter so *spirituelle*. And here I am, I who cannot write like you or like Peppina, in the greatest embarrassment about how to reply to a letter so well-written, so fine and, I myself repeat, so *spirituelle*. But I, with my rough style, can make no parade of pride or spirit, so I will just say briefly that we are in a great hurry to pack our bags, that Mme. Cruvelli's flight from the Opéra has obliged me to ask to be released from the contract and that I shall go straight to Busseto but shall only stay there a few days. Where shall I go then? I couldn't say! Now that you have all my news I press your hands.

One of the results of Verdi's cohabitation with Giuseppina Strepponi, for nearly twelve years before they were actually married,

was that he was cut off almost completely from the circle of his former friends at Milan. For twenty years after the rising of 1848 he never set foot in that city. With some of his Milanese friends he continued to correspond, and we find him on May 9th 1852 writing to the Countess Maffei, asking her to convey his good wishes to that Gina della Somaglia about whom, in a passage already quoted, Barbiera suspects the worst. I say "suspects the worst" because she, too, was a married woman with a family; in 1852 one of her daughters got married. "In other days", Verdi told the Countess Maffei, "she would herself have given me the news, but now this friendly relationship, too, is over, and it is not her fault. It is all my fault, or rather, the fault of destiny, which strangely contrives to deprive me, one by one, of all the things that give me pleasure."

How are we to interpret Verdi's last letter to Giuseppina Appiani? It seems that she had written to Giuseppina Strepponi, using her maiden name—which, after all, was the only one to which she was so far entitled. It is difficult to know what to do in such cases; a letter addressed to "Giuseppina Verdi" might have been equally offensive in her eyes, or his. It is clear that Verdi's companion had no desire to enter into correspondence under any name whatsoever; he himself, with obvious embarrassment, conveys this to his old friend. Gatti finds the letter "mordent". Clinging still to his romantic hypothesis, he believes that Mme. Appiani "sought to insinuate herself" between Giuseppina Strepponi and Verdi, and addressed her letters "with offensive ostentation", until Verdi cut her short. It is hard to credit this. Verdi's life had been linked with Giuseppina Strepponi's for seven years already at this time. He cannot possibly have seen Mme. Appiani for six and a half years and probably not for longer. She herself was now getting on for sixty years of age. Gatti's conclusion is that with the end of this friendship:

the shade of Donizetti, dear both to Mme. Appiani and to Mme. Strepponi, rose again beyond the tomb, deriding not the latter, but the former, who had been so complaisant of her beauty, and whose fascination had been so powerful.<sup>12</sup>

Donizetti's shade may still be laughing—but not, I suggest, at his good friend Giuseppina Appiani, nor at the noble woman who became the second wife of the composer whose genius he had so early recognized and unselfishly praised, but at the biographers who have made so much of a handful of letters, some embroidered slippers and a pair of braces that apparently got lost in the post.

<sup>12</sup> Vol. II, p. 150. A groundless rumour is recorded by Donati-Petteni that Giuseppina Strepponi was once Donizetti's mistress.

## A NOTE ON ALAN RAWSTHORNE

By HERBERT HOWELLS

IN a court of law a witness will swear to speak truth, and truth alone. There will be a proviso concerning divine help.

Alan Rawsthorne appears among us as a man-of-truth in his musical utterance. But in him testimony carries with it no proviso. He leaves us, rather, wondering under *what* guidance he has sought truth in the past, or puts truth before us in the present, and whither it will lead him in the future.

The witness in court will say, in effect, "Let Heaven be my help!" Mr. Rawsthorne might exclaim: "Let Manchester be *mine!*" But Manchester (one suspects) is neither the focus nor the limit of his mental search for assurance. That search, more probably, is inwards, deep, place-less, little concerned with scholastic influences, scarcely touched by nationalist considerations.

Rawsthorne is not the pattern-product of a typical English composer. The truth in him—the truth as he sees it, so uncompromisingly declared in page after page of his scores—has in it overtones and inflexions strange to the traditional English ear.

It is alleged that, nationally, we have two main approaches to our creative artists.

According to the first, we hail their independence and individuality. Our approval of these characteristics is carried to a point of boastfulness. In Vaughan Williams, Bax, Ireland, Bliss, Walton, Britten, Rubbra, Lennox Berkeley we cherish exciting divergencies. We are ready to exalt their differences, and even to export the idea that nothing better consorts with our national pleasure than that these composers should be pronounced free of "schools", cliques, patterns and dull conformities.

According to the second, there is a "parochial" beat in our hearts, and in our private minds a comfortable assurance that our disparate composers are, after all, "accountable" men; that they have roots in native soil; that their musical derivation has local affinities; that there is a traditional link just strong enough to hold them together; that somewhere in their musical speech are to be caught the immemorial echoes of an ancestry anything but alien.

In the dozen years of our knowing him as composer, and in about as many works, Alan Rawsthorne has seemed to rebuke this

parochial strain in us. But of the larger world of our cherished and exciting divergencies he is becoming a brilliant and emphatic type.

Rawsthorne the composer is not easy to "know". He did not come to us, a dozen years ago, with smooth words of introduction, nor build up in our minds a stroke-by-stroke picture of the young composer struggling (in public) to attract attention, searching for idiom and a recognizable style. We were not aware of the "twenty years a-growing". He seemed not to have joined in the familiar painful pilgrimage to Langham Place or Kensington Gore. Far otherwise. At his first declared presence in our listening midst, and in the popular courts of music, the bible on which he swore to the truth was a set of Variations for Two Violins. With that comparatively brief work he made a declaration of war, and issued a denial. The war was to be against easy phraseology, comforting words, opulence, long-windedness. The denial was of any *apparent* apprentice-struggles in the art of composition.

Since that introduction by two violins, in 1938, there have come the 'Symphonic Studies' (1939), the Piano Concerto (1943), the overture, 'Street Corner', the Fantasy Overture 'Cortèges' (1946), the Violin Concerto (1948), the Concerto for Strings (1950). And before the appearance of this article, the Symphony will have had its first hearing, at a Royal Philharmonic Society Concert (November 1950).

There are two chamber works to be noted; the Cello Sonata (1949) and the Quartet for Clarinet, Violin, Viola and Cello (1948). These, and the Theme and Variations for Two Violins, are microcosmic Rawsthorne. That is important. More than that. They are, for musicians not yet familiar with his larger works, the best approach to the composer. Here let the clarinet Quartet witness the truth of things as Rawsthorne sees it. It has a triple claim to do so:

- (a) It is in a remarkable degree the analogue, in smaller dimensions, of the more spacious concertos and orchestral studies.
- (b) It is a reminder of the truth-to-self expression that gives Rawsthorne's works an over-all stylistic certainty, force and unity.
- (c) It is a three-movement epitome of his quality of thought and of its technical presentation.

In its 32 pages it will be a pointer to the composer's predilections in four elements—melody, harmony, tonality and rhythm. In none of these will there be any marked departure from their nature in the more extended works. In the melodic and harmonic field there will be some degree of challenge addressed to all whose



expectations are traditionally English. To the same body of opinion the tonality—of a kind not easily defined or analysed—will be disconcerting. But the rhythm will confound no one familiar with the vivacities and subtleties of Sibelius and Walton, or even with the Prokofiev of the C major Piano Concerto, or the Hindemith of 'Neues vom Tage'.

Melodically, Rawsthorne appears to confound a "singing" nation. In examples 1, 2<sup>b</sup> and 2<sup>c</sup> (at the end of this note) are contained the first themes of the Quartet's respective movements. "Mental" ears attuned mainly to vocal or vocally derived tune will find the clarinet's initial theme (Ex. 1) and its derivative (2<sup>a</sup>) outside the confines of easy "mental" singing. Nor will the slow-movement theme (2<sup>b</sup>) minister to the comfortable and widespread concept of melody as a primarily vocal element. But in the main theme of the finale (2<sup>c</sup>) the mental voice of the listener finds momentary concessions.

In this Clarinet Quartet such concessions are reduced to a minimum. So also in the Violin Concerto, even when the solo instrument's melodic range is for a while contained within a compass as narrow as 2<sup>c</sup> here. Yet one of the most moving moments in Rawsthorne comes with one of his brief surrenders to our craving for the "singable"—in the theme for English horn in the Allegretto section of 'Symphonic Studies'.

No composer is under compulsion to offer these concessions to any mass-predilection for singable tunes. His melodic procedure must lie well within his discretion, and wholly within his "native" medium—Rawsthorne's is almost exclusively instrumental—and must, under essential conditions of "absolute" music, bear the imprint of his own convictions and character.

Here the first two movements strongly, the finale a little less pointedly, underline Rawsthorne's. In the themes of the earlier movements are the wide-ranging compass, the bounding major or minor sevenths, diminished octaves, minor ninths, and other compound intervals that so seldom move back immediately into the area of their leaps. Here, too, their implication of harmonic background so often defeats traditional expectation in the field of chordal progression. Nor do the themes commonly suggest an attendant patterned, symmetrical harmonic rhythm. And one suspects, even in 1950, that in a vast majority of listeners awareness of an underlying harmonic rhythm is a major expectation and source of comfort. To be unaware of it may mean their drifting into a false and puzzled attitude towards the composer.

With the living sounds of his music to illustrate and confirm

argument it would be well to point to two balanced facts in this matter. First: that an omnipresent, patterned, symmetrical harmonic rhythm would impose upon Rawsthorne a melodic cast quite different from that we know. Second: that he is not averse from admitting such underlying harmonic rhythm if it be only for brief spans, or to enforce concise rhythmic effects; or to subserve—as in the second and third movements of the Piano Concerto—a specialized structure dependent upon the principle of *ostinato* or association with the spirit of the dance.

In the Quartet, at its outset, the untrammelled feeling of the main theme (Ex. 1) is subject to a pointed harmonic rhythm only when three of its smooth quavers have been jerked into diminution (2<sup>a</sup>) to provide a sudden break in the initial lyrical mood. This habit of detaching three or four cardinal notes from a main theme for exploitation by diminution, or in the interest of rhythmic or contrapuntal variety and vitality, is very marked in Rawsthorne. It is here (1948); it is the handmaid of fugal device in the Fantasia of the Variations for two Violins (1938) and the finale of the Concerto for Strings (1950): and its apotheosis seemed already achieved in 'Symphonic Studies' (1939).

The device is more than melodic and rhythmic. For it exercises a subtle influence over the structure of a movement. Here, in the first movement of the Clarinet Quartet, this "Adam's Rib" principle (2<sup>a</sup>) can, and does, produce a partner-subject which, under inherited notions of classical form, might be styled "second subject". And a few notes derived from a work's first theme can extend their structural influence even over a whole composition. It can lend authority to an intermediate cadence (4<sup>a</sup>) or to the ultimate close of a last movement (4<sup>c</sup>).

Harmonically, the Clarinet Quartet is concisely representative. The first six bars are an example of two-part counterpoint (Ex. 1) out of which the listener must derive a harmonic by-product. The nature of that by-product will vary with the different emphasis put upon the two strands of sound by individual listeners. No one particular re-action will be wholly satisfactory. Poulenc will not murmur, "Polytonal!"; Hindemith will not say, "Here I stand squarely with Rawsthorne"; the composer of 'Flos Campi' might find a vital interest in the subtlety of false-relation; mid-European musical devotees would find it entirely concordant. But the wisest and happiest of all listeners would be those accepting the interplay of two diversely-coloured and shaped melodic lines as a quiet concourse of sounds. No text-book, no technical jargon, no analysis could make for a uniform reaction.

If this sort of harmony—this by-product of 2-part counterpoint—claims to be true “Rawsthorne” it will send us back to the Variations for Two Violins for confirmation: to the Theme itself; to the “Cancrizzante” which (like Benjamin’s canon in ‘Prima Donna’) is a technical gambit dedicated to wit; and to the “Scherzetto” that so deftly transforms the dry bones of intellect into a muted charm of sounds.

The seventh bar of the Quartet presents a harmony that is no by-product at all, but a blunt chord (3<sup>c</sup>).

It has been remarked above that Rawsthorne’s opening theme has powers of both melodic and structural force. Here, now, is a chord having almost identical authority over what will follow; not only in its proper sphere (harmony) but in progress of idea (development). Two harmonic intervals are here compacted in one chord—the minor 2nd and the minor 9th. They are, of course, *one*, theoretically. But from first to last in this quartet one form or another—minor 2nd or minor 9th—will dominate the harmonic field: and will find ultimate force in a procedure (3<sup>a</sup>) bringing 1938 and 1948 into as close an identity as that which links the two intervals. Without the minor 2nd the Ostinato of the Variations could scarcely exist as we know it. And it is in the “Rhapsodia” of the earlier work that this element (3<sup>a</sup>) of the Clarinet Quartet has its origin and prototype. In each work it is a technical device raised to a level of fine expression—minor ends that merge and depart like the slow shadows crossing a summer cornfield.

In the Quartet scarcely a line is wholly without tincture of this interval. It claims wide powers of expression and presentation (3<sup>a</sup>, c, d, f, and g): serving dynamic energy (3<sup>f</sup>), stress (3<sup>g</sup>): a perspective of great distance at the end of the slow movement (4<sup>b</sup>): and stark declamation of staccato chords in a finale that has something of Hungarian fire in it. (Declamatory detached chords are given a like mission in the first movement of the Sonata for cello and piano.)

These usages of the minor 2nd or 9th as a harmonic unit do not wholly cover Rawsthorne’s addiction to it. With unsurpassed skill he will sometimes, in a given texture, derive both harmony and melody from it, and the fusion will bring the strange and moving beauty of the ‘Symphonic Studies’, at [12] in the Allegretto.

In this omnipresent interval’s covering of so much of his harmonic thought Rawsthorne (the “mid-European” of many a superficial estimate) is English enough to remind us of the parochial heart-beat. For Purcell had an early hand in the interval’s advancement. Vaughan Williams has used it with overwhelming force in his

fourth and sixth symphonies. To Holst's 'Hymn of Jesus' and Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast' it lends moments of poignancy and fury in critical phases.

What of Rawsthorne's tonality? Analysis of this element is but a dusty answer to questions arising out of the break-up of classical tonality. In Rawsthorne's case it would be exceedingly dusty, and might lead one into those arid deserts of up-to-date German-American criticism strewn with technicalities that are denied even a distant contact with the things of beauty they should serve. Only the actual, living sounds will suffice, where all else is unanalysable. In that test of the actual sounds, the Clarinet Quartet is of a piece with Rawsthorne's larger essays. It still is the true counterpart, the mirror, the unfailing analogue. And there can be no harm (in listening to the Quartet) in noting implications of key-centres, rare though they be; of polytonality—but of a sort that is incidental and divorced from creed. Of atonality—just none.

In these days, and whether as composer or critic, a man needs must move warily in the ruins of what were once the fixed foundations of the thing called tonality. The sanctified stabilizations and anchorages by which classical practice brought comfort to the European musical mind for about two centuries are long since disrupted. Untethered, the lesser men have gone down to destruction. Composers of Rawsthorne's calibre escape the general ruin. In one or more ways he re-establishes equilibrium. Idiom may do it comprehensively; or a recurrent cadence achieve it incidentally. A solitary chord may serve—strategically placed—to mark the culmination of one phase and the inception of another. Or historic technical devices may be summoned. The merest hint of canonic procedure is—for our common, inherited notions—virtual anchorage. And of canonic thought, in the first and final movements of the quartet, many a hint is given. It may be a "2 in 1 at the major 7th" (first movement) or "2 in 1 at the octave" (in the finale), and each remote from any traditional harmonic relationship in the "free" parts. No matter. The canonic voices will in any case afford historic assurance of known ground.

Ostinato and ground-bass will provide that assurance even more completely. Nowhere else in Rawsthorne's music is this as richly and beautifully conceded as in the Chaconne of the Piano Concerto; where, by some hint from slow-shifting common-chords that are themselves involved in subtle false-relation, the man of Lancashire (superficially consigned by careless criticism to a spiritual home somewhere in mid-Europe), seems suddenly to stand in direct contact with the gravity of Tallis and the later Tudors.

There is, again, his own type of "non-ancestral" ostinato—and it is of equal beauty—in the Allegretto of the 'Symphonic Studies'. And the "Hungarian" vigour of the Clarinet Quartet's finale finds temporary harmonic stabilization in an ostinato made of alternating sixths in false-relation—akin so nearly to Walton's in the Viola Concerto, Vaughan Williams's in 'O vos omnes', and to unnumbered instances in William Byrd.

In Rawsthorne melody, harmony and tonality do not establish easy contacts. They will continue to demand (and deserve) a quick-witted sympathy from even his more advanced listeners.

His rhythmic content is easier. In this field he seems tireless. Its source is in his astonishing sense of instrumental propriety. One's eye may catch sight of possible congestion in the score; one's ear, never. A "figure" will often derive from two or three notes of a principal theme: but without asking any concession from either an instrument or its player. In the Cello Sonata, at the 2nd subject of the first movement, he exploits separated declamatory chords and a Scottish "snap" as items of a rhythmic scheme. It is done without reminder of cross-accented, Stravinskian iteration. Of long-continued repetition of a brief figure there is but little—hardly more than one finds (as its prototype) in the 2nd subject of the Clarinet Quartet's first movement. But of the larger scheme of unfailing rhythmic continuity the Toccata element in the Piano Concerto's first movement, and straight-driving "Roman Road" progress of the last section of the String Concerto are pungent examples. They are the work of a man of decisive purpose who, within the larger continuity, can deploy fugatos, canonic elements, and even strettis by inversion, without obstructing progress or noticeably adding to the listener's responsibilities.

Alan Rawsthorne's place in our music is assured. He has his problems. Almost exclusively an instrumental composer, he is for that reason called upon to achieve victory in his own country untraditionally. As far as he has gone, till now, he has not sought the immemorial British way of victory over Britons. He has not produced for them a choral-orchestral work. His message so far has been—as to human agency—almost wholly voiceless. It may well remain so, if the nature of his melodic and harmonic idiom continues to be that of instrumental genius. But an English composer "voiceless" in this manner and degree among some of his own countrymen can yet be our man of eloquence wherever choral traditions count for less than orchestral predilections. It is no accident that the Continent paid acute attention to Rawsthorne at an early date, and has not relaxed it since.



Here in our midst, the composer, having dropped about twelve fine pebbles into the pool of our national musical consciousness, may only dimly descry the slow outer circles of reaction. But he already knows the reaction is there. He is the recognized figure his mastery has made him. Even if he were not, he could, with time, genius, and undisturbed creative integrity on his side, appropriate as his own declaration John Constable's, "I do not enter into the notion of varying one's plans to keep the public in good humour."

1 **Moderato**  
Clar.  
*p dolce* Vla.

2 a) Vln. *f energico e ritmico* b) Lento Clar. *pp*  
c) **All<sup>o</sup> risoluto**  
Clar. *f*

3<sup>a</sup> **Moderato molto marc.**  
Clar. (as sounding) *f* etc.  
Vln. *f*  
Vla. *f*  
V'cello *f*

3<sup>b</sup> Clar. *f*

3<sup>c</sup> Vln. 3<sup>d</sup> Vln. 3<sup>e</sup> Vln. 3<sup>f</sup> Allegro molto

Vla. Vc. *ff* *fff*

3<sup>g</sup> Allegro

Vln. *f* Vla. Vc.

a) Moderato

Clar. *p* *rit.* *a tempo*

Vln. *sempre dim.* Vla.

b) Poco lento

Clar. *pp* *lontano* *a niente*

Vln. *pp* Vla. *pp* Vc. *pp*



Quotations by permission of the Oxford University Press, publishers of Alan Rawsthorne's compositions.

### THE STATUE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM

THE vaulted silence of the roof  
Trembles with grave, sequestered light:  
The windows flowering aloof  
Suck nectar from the summer night.

A spare, sad, sculptured Virgin stares  
Unseeing, severe, on the alien shrine,  
Where scattered, Cana-wise, the chairs  
Are turned to pools of damask wine.

Suddenly alive with sound, the whole  
Room burns; its slender, taut-stretched bone  
Whitens and cracks, its marrow-soul  
Issues in streams of molten sound.

Wave upon wave of liquid flame  
Rolls by the Virgin and is lost;  
She stands immaculate, the same  
Beneath a second Pentecost.

The blaze burns down and dies; no line  
Is changed, no feature charred; but dark  
And Phoenix-proud the inviolate shrine  
Waits a new kindling of the spark.

MARTIN COOPER.

## ROUNDS AND CANONS FROM AN EARLY TUDOR SONGBOOK

BY JOHN E. STEVENS

THE musical resources of Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 31922,<sup>1</sup> a Court songbook belonging to the early years of Henry VIII's reign, are delightfully illustrated by twenty rounds and canons whose presence has so far attracted little attention. They range from puzzle-canons of some intricacy to straightforward rounds for three voices.

**PUZZLE-CANONS.**—These musical enigmas are the typical product of an age, then passing, whose natural habit of mind was cryptographic; whose poets were encouraged "under cloudy figures" to "cover the truth of all their seeming"; whose divines believed in the fourfold interpretation of the Scriptures. The surprising thing is to find them persisting in a songbook remarkable for lucidity of musical thought and notation, and written for the most part not only in "our englysshe" but also "in suche termes as shall be vnderstanden", a songbook contemporary with the Oxford reformers, the revival of Greek studies and Sir Thomas More's Utopia.

There are six canons in this manuscript which conform to Tinctoris's definition (in his 'Diffinitorium', c.1500): "Canon est regula voluntatem compositoris sub obscuritate quadam ostendens."<sup>2</sup> The degree of obscurity varies considerably, but all the pieces agree in this, that one or two parts are not notated, or not fully notated, and that the intended result should be deduced from a written instruction of some kind.

(1) 'Tris' by "fflude in armonia graduat"<sup>3</sup>: f.26b-27.

This first puzzle is for four instruments or voices, of which three are written out in full—two parts of alto range and a bass—and form a satisfactory whole. The only hint of a fourth is the presence of four breves in a different clef at the end of the second part. And

<sup>1</sup> Transcript of the words in 'Anglia: Zeitschrift für Englische Philologie' XII Band, p. 225, by E. Flügel. Transcript of Henry VIII's compositions in 'Songs, Ballads and Instrumental Pieces . . . ' by Lady Mary Trefusis (Roxburghe Club). I have now prepared a complete edition of this MS. and of Add. MS. 5465 (The Fayrfax Book), together with the English songs and carols of Add. MS. 5665 (Ritson's Folio-MS.).

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by W. Apel, 'The Notation of Polyphonic Music', p. 180.

<sup>3</sup> For biographical information about this composer consult 'Early Tudor Composers' by Dr. Grattan Flood, who gives his name in the forms "Ffloyd" and "Lloyd". The usual spelling in this MS. is "fflyud".





The three maximae have, it seems, two functions. They indicate in the briefest possible way the length of each note of the tenor, which is to be precisely three maximae; secondly, they suggest, in reverse, the type of conjunct phrase that the solution demands. Disregarding "epodoico" for the moment, it is clear that the tenor "ascends to the semitone and descends to the fourth." "Cum diatonico" may be explained in two ways. Either the composer was thinking about Greek theory, in which the tetrachord,  $g-a-b\flat-c'$ , is diatonic; or to his mind the transposition of phrase  $x$  enabled him to describe phrase  $y$ , also, as diatonic.

The "degree" of the scale from which the tenor ascends is "a", the lowest note of the Hypodorian mode. It is possible that an ignorant or careless copyist wrote "epodoico" (which he might explain to himself as cognate with the  $\epsilon\pi\omega\delta\eta$ ) instead of "upodorico" or "ypodorico".<sup>6</sup>

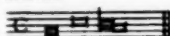
(3) 'A dorio tenor . . .' by "dunstable": f. 36b-37.

It is unnecessary to consider this puzzle at length for it was solved and the solution published in Stainer's 'Early Bodleian Music', Vol. II, p. 96, and also in M. Glyn's 'Early English Organ Music' (P.M.M.S.). The riddle provides a third part without which the piece is incomplete. There is no text. The riddle runs:

Adorio tenor hic ascendens esse videtur  
Quater per genera tetracordum refitetur.

and may be translated: "This tenor is seen to be ascending from the dorian; and it is repeated through four kinds of tetrachords." Above the legend, in the manuscript, is this phrase:

#### Ex. II



The solution is fairly straightforward. The given phrase occurs four times, each time one degree higher in the scale.

(4) 'Paramese tenor' by "flayrfax": f. 57b-58.

Of this puzzle three parts are notated in full. They form an entity of their own, and one, again, in an older style than the balanced homophony which is characteristic of this manuscript. There are no markedly instrumental idioms, no intermediate full-closes and few points of imitation.

<sup>6</sup> For various possible transpositions of the prefixed letters, see 'Medieval Latin Word List' under "upothea" and "ypedemica". No meaning of  $\epsilon\pi\omega\delta\eta$  seems to be relevant.

<sup>7</sup> Listed by Dom Anselm Hughes among the works of Fayrfax in *MUSIC & LETTERS*, April, 1949.

At the end of the tenor, which has "b" for final, is written "paramese tenor flayrfax"; and underneath the tenor, "Canon, pausa facta in tenore de numero perfecto secundum philosophum percantetur omnis litera arsum et thesum per naturam sinaphe." This may be interpreted literally: "Rule: after a rest in the tenor of the perfect number according to the philosopher, let every letter be sung through, arsis and thesis, throughout the nature of a sinaphe."

The meaning of the Greek terms may be established for a start. Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon gives, under *συναφή* III, "in music, the conjunction of two tetrachords". "Paramese" we know to be the note "next to the middle", i.e. the "b" on which the tenor ends. This "b" in the Greater Perfect System is the lowest note of two conjunct tetrachords at the top of the scale (Gustav Reese, 'Music in the Middle Ages', p. 22).

At this point in the investigation Mr. Thurston Dart came to my assistance and by induction suggested the solution the other three parts required.\* It seems to satisfy all the demands of the riddle and I am convinced of its correctness.

The necessary rest is of six semibreves, and then the tenor starts on "paramese". It moves by step, each a long, up and down (arsum et thesum) two conjunct tetrachords. The note of conjunction is repeated; so is the top note.

(5) 'Thys songe is iij parts in one . . .'; anonymous: f.91 top.

This piece hardly deserves the name of puzzle-canon, though its construction was undoubtedly more of a feat than that of the ingenious mysteries we have so far considered. The instructions are in English and, to our surprise, mean exactly what they say. The obscurity lies, for us and for the uninitiated of the composer's age, in the use of technicalities.

"Thys songe is iij parts in one and eche part begynyth under the other; the secund parte rests iij and begynyth in alamire underneth; the iij part rest v and begynnith in gesolreut beneth."

"Alamire" is the compound name for "a" in the hexachord system; "gesolreut" is the name for the note below it, "g". The second part has a rest of three semibreves before entry; the third part a rest of five semibreves. The result is a canon at the 3rd and the 4th below. The "songe" runs naturally and in good order to the end, which is very neatly contrived.

\* I have also to thank him for first pointing out that "the perfect number", a phrase susceptible in the Middle Ages of many interpretations, here has its mathematical meaning of a number equal to the sum of its divisors.  $6 = 3 + 2 + 1$ . The philosopher is presumably Pythagoras. For the semibreve treated as the unit, see the next puzzle.

(6) 'Duas partes in unum': anonymous: f.91 bottom.

This short composition is less complicated than the one above it on the page, but it is not so well documented. We are told, briefly, that it is "two parts in one", and that is all. However, a little experiment demonstrates that it is an elementary mensuration canon. The second part starts at the same time as the first, at the fifth below, and proceeds in doubled note-values.

These two short puzzle-canon are the last in which the composer shows his intention "sub obscuritate quadam". We come now to another "peaceful province in Acrostick Land", occupied by three pieces involving the use of canon in the technical sense of the word. I have classed them apart from the plain rounds because, although containing rounds, they each have a free part or other complication.

#### CANONS:

(1) 'My love she morneth for me' by "Cornysh": f.30b.

This is a song with a fairly short setting, repeated to ten verses. Only two parts are notated, an alto and a tenor. But a *signum congruentiae* (an eloquent sign in this manuscript and one that has often been disregarded) gives the hint that the tenor conceals a canon. It is in fact a "perpetual" canon or two-voiced round. After a solo passage by the first tenor the alto and second tenor enter together. The combination of lilt and ingenuity in the music, and the artificial ballad style of the poem, suggest that this song is a sophisticated court-version of a popular song. Confirmation of this view comes from Wynkyn de Worde's songbook<sup>10</sup> (1531: Bassus only). The "moral ballett" beginning:

And I mankynd have not in mynd,  
My love that mornyth for me,  
Who is my love but God above  
That born was of Mary?

is clearly a religious parody by someone intent on "turning the depraved into good", and must surely have a common original with the song by Cornish.

(2) 'A robyn, gentyl robyn . . .' by "Cornysh": f.53b.

This song, which is of particular interest because the words are by Sir Thomas Wyatt and because it is sung by the Fool in 'Twelfth Night', is here extant in a version for four tenors.<sup>11</sup> The first and

<sup>10</sup>Unpublished. The word "morneth" is monosyllabic in accordance with the usual practice of the period.

<sup>11</sup>f.30b: transcript of the poem in 'Anglia', XIII, p. 589.

<sup>12</sup>E. M. Naylor, 'Shakespeare Music', p. 25, gives a three-part transcription but says "four persons are employable". He also gives the solo version the Clown would sing.

second voices share one notated part and are in canon (the point of entry for the second voice is indicated as usual by a *signum congruentiae*). The words "vt supra" at the end show that it is a "perpetual canon". The third and fourth voices are notated separately; they are not in canon but they interlock, as the following scheme of the whole piece will make clear:

1	a	b	a	b	a	b	a	...
2		a	b	a	b	a	b	...
3			c	d	c	d	c	...
				e	c	e	...	

It is perhaps a defect in design that phrases c, d, and e end identically, so that the song alternates between three and four real parts. One may suspect, again, that this version represents an arrangement by Wyatt and Cornish of a popular song. Certainly this is not what was sung to the unfortunate Malvolio in his dark chamber.

(3) 'Departure is my chef payne':<sup>12</sup> headed "The kyng. h. viij": f.60b.

This piece consists of a round for three voices with one free part, to the undistinguished words:

Departure is my chef payne  
I trust ryght well of retorn agane.

It will serve as a transition to the plain rounds with which I shall conclude. All these three pieces are homophonic in character; and the first two are definitely popular in appeal.

ROUNDS.—The "familiar mirth and jocund melody" of the round proper are more congenial to us than the Sphinx-like complexities of the fifteenth-century enigmatists. But an ear trained on the eighteenth-century catch, or on the rounds of Purcell, will find plenty to baffle it. These are, as it were, Gothic rounds.<sup>13</sup>

First some definitions will be useful. A round differs from a round-canon in that the first voice has completed the round by the time the last voice has sung the first strain. Moreover rounds themselves fall into three classes, (a) the catch "wherein to humour some conceit in the words, the melody is broken, and the sense interrupted in one part and caught again or supplied by another";<sup>14</sup> (b) the "polyphonic" round, one whose melody is continuous and is only complete at the end of the last section; (c) the "metrical" round, one that is built section by section,<sup>15</sup> often on a principle of

<sup>12</sup> Lady Mary Trefusis, op. cit. p. 23.

<sup>13</sup> There are, so far as I know, only two earlier examples of the round proper in English sources. They occur in Cambridge U.L. Add. MS. 5943 to Latin words.

<sup>14</sup> Quoted in Grove's Dictionary (under "Round") from Hawkins's 'History of Music'.

<sup>15</sup> For this useful distinction I am indebted to Charles Kennedy-Scott's Preface to the 'Euterpe Round-Book' (Euterpe No. 56: O.U.P.).

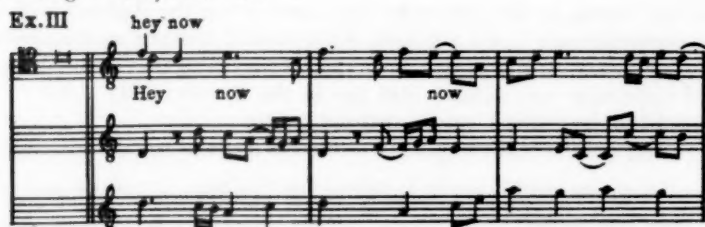
contrast rather than of continuity. The rounds in Ravenscroft's collections tend to belong to the second class,<sup>16</sup> the compositions of Hilton and Purcell to the third.

All the twelve rounds in this songbook are genuine ones, not round-canons or catches. Notwithstanding Murray's Dictionary, which gives the first use of the word as 1530, we may with certainty call them "rounds", having the authority of f.103:

Now let vs syng this round all thre  
sent george graunt hym the victory.

Structurally, which means melodically, they are "metrical". In hardly a single case can one genuinely feel that the melody was conceived as a whole and could stand by itself. On the other hand their long unbroken sections are polyphonic in style and texture; this is mainly a matter of rhythm. Other features of the melody are considerable range (an octave and a half to two octaves) and awkward leaps and progressions. Sometimes, as in 'Deme the best' by Flood, a serious attempt is made to link and unify the sections by the use of imitation.

Their polyphonic style is emphasized by characteristic harmonic progressions in thirds, sixths and tenths, reminiscent of the previous century. Sometimes however, as in Henry VIII's successful round, 'It is to me a ryght gret Joy', this is combined with a strong, harmonically conceived bass. Moreover, one piece, 'Alone I live . . .', demonstrates the general trend not so much of these rounds as of this songbook and of music in general. It is plainly homophonic in character and is based on triads in root position throughout. Henry VIII's round goes even farther in a formal respect, having a half-close in the middle. While one may say that the very construction of a round is an exercise in formal clarity and balance of phrase, nevertheless by far the most noticeable feature of these rounds as a whole is their rhythmic complication which exceeds anything most later rounds can show, e.g. Thomas Farding's "Hey now now":



<sup>16</sup> The words of several rounds in Ravenscroft's collections are strongly reminiscent of this early period; but I have been able to catch no musical echoes.





This, and their vocal range, suggest that these surviving examples were written for trained singers, presumably the adult section of the Chapel Royal, to perform at Court functions. The presence of two political rounds supports this view. On the other hand the survival of a second version of 'Downbery down' in another and more informal music-book (B.M. MSS. Roy. App. 58) indicates perhaps a wider audience and some sort of oral tradition. The variations are instructive.

Certainly the rounds we have in this songbook are sophisticated and courtly ones. Their words confirm this, when they have words and not mere nonsense-phrases like "Hey now now" or the laconic "Now". One political round must point to Henry's personal invasion of France, June 30th 1513; the other may celebrate the birth of Henry himself or his elder brother, and its regressive style supports an early date. A composition by Flood, already quoted, exhorts us to be charitable doubters. The words of 'In May that lusty season'<sup>17</sup> by Farding are metrically "perplex'd in the extreme", but their matter is typical of the medieval love-lyric in that late and weary time before Wyatt breathed new life into it.

Lastly, not only the words themselves but also the way in which the composers handle them, which means in most cases their indifference to them, is evidence both of the sophistication of this songbook and of the equivocal position the rounds occupy in it. While looking ahead, they are still rooted in the practice of the previous century. Sometimes there is vigorous, rhythmic treatment of the words, in the new style; but there is not the slightest hint of "expressiveness", nor any idea of the music's forming an emotional commentary on the poem. The linked sweetness that an artful use of suspension can achieve still lay in the future. The "note" is joined to the "ditty" in an abstract fashion.

The intellectual complication of most of these rounds belongs to

<sup>17</sup> It was an especial pleasure to discover that "In May . . ." was a three-part round. This, and "Alone I live" by Dr. Cooper, were transcribed and published in 'Songs and Madrigals of the Fifteenth Century' (Plainsong and Medieval Music Society, 1891) as if they were the tenor parts of songs. Dr. Walker in his 'History of English Music' unfairly and unfortunately described Farding's round as a "rambling and incoherent tune".

the age of the puzzle-cannon, the age that was passing. The composers were of one mind with John Skelton, Laureate, whose songs they sometimes set; they too prayed to the Muses

homely rudeness and dryness to expell  
With the freshe waters of Helicones well.

LIST OF ROUNDS IN ADD. MS. 31922

	Folio	Incipit	Mode	Composer	Range
1.	21b	Hey now now	G	Kempe	c-a'
2.	22	Alone I live	A (trans.)	Dr. Cooper	A-g'
3.	24b	Above all thing	G (trans.)	ffaredyng	d-bb'
4.	25	Downbery down	D	Wm. Daggere	d-a'
5.	25b	Hey now now	D	Thomas ffaredyng	d-a'
6.	26	In May	D (trans.)	T. ffaredyng	A-f'
7.	61	It is to me	C	Henry VIII	c-c''
8.	79b	Deme the best	C	J. fluyd	c-g'
9.	80	Hey trolly	D	—	A-a'
10.	90b	(none)	C	—	c-a'
11.	98	Now	A	—	c-a'
12.	103	Pray we	?D	—	A-g'

## HAYDN STAYED HERE!

By MARION M. SCOTT

AT the time of the Haydn Bicentenary, when I was preparing my article, 'Haydn: Relics and Reminiscences in England,' for *MUSIC & LETTERS* (April, 1932), I was brought up short against the fact that not a single house remained in London in which Haydn lived and worked. Fate and the Victorians had effaced them all.

No. 45 Holborn, the home of Bland the publisher, opposite Chancery Lane, where Haydn spent his first night in London—January 2nd 1791—had long ago disappeared. No. 18 Great Pulteney Street, where J. P. Salomon lodged and where Haydn speedily joined him—to escape, it is said, from the intolerable noise of traffic and street-hawkers—had likewise disappeared, supplanted by a large hybrid building, the very negation of the gracious Georgian houses that made the street so nicely genteel. Haydn described his lodging there as neat and comfortable, though expensive, and he found it convenient to retain as his headquarters during his eighteen-months stay. But the noise still worried him. The ringing tones of Salomon practising on the Stradivarius violin that had once been Corelli's had, I fancy, something to do with it. Anyhow, John Broadwood and Sons, whose premises were at 33, Great Pulteney Street, came to the rescue by lending Haydn a room for work. That building has gone.

In May 1791, still searching for quiet, Haydn removed to a farm in the country—a farm in Lisson Grove! Here he worked hard at his opera 'L' Anima del Filosofo'. But in July of that summer the farm, together with the Manor House property of which it formed a part, was sold—and, of course, demolished. Two years later Haydn came to London again. On this visit he lodged at No. 1, Bury Street, St. James's, for the eighteen months. That house, I need hardly add, has also been pulled down. A Victorian non-descript occupies the site.

Thus at every turn I was defeated. No house was left of which I could say: "Here Haydn stayed!" Only one chance remained. On leaving Lisson Grove, Haydn had spent some time with a banker, Mr. Brássey, at his home twelve miles from London. The question now was, had the house survived? And if so, could I find it? There were two clues—the name of Brassey, and the distance

of twelve miles. I tried 'Brassey' first. Letters to two branches of the family brought most kind replies but no information beyond the fact that the only forbear they could trace who lived near London was an Edmond Brassey—spelt Bressie—of Walton, Bucks, date about 1630. This obviously could not have been the banker, unless he were a Methuselah. Then I tried the twelve-mile clue, studying old maps, noting likely districts and conning the road-books published in the eighteenth century. But no: not the vestige of a result!

Thus matters rested for years. Yet I found Haydn's brief records of the Brasseys too interesting to relinquish hope. Here is Haydn's first mention of Mr. Brassey. It occurs in a letter written to Frau von Genzinger on September 17th 1791.

During the last two months I have been living in the country, in one of the loveliest regions, with a Banker whose heart and family resemble the Genzingers [the highest praise Haydn could bestow, for he loved and revered the Genzingers] and where I live as in a cloister. I am, God be always thanked, in good health except for my usual rheumatism. I work industriously and early every morning, when I walk alone in the wood with my English grammar, I think upon my Maker, on my family, and on all my friends left behind, among whom you are the most valued of all.

Haydn's allusion to his work is significant because at that time he must have been preparing his new symphonies for the forthcoming Salomon concert season of 1792. We can only guess which ones he had on the stocks. The enchanting "Surprise" No. 94, the darkly stormy C minor No. 95, and the gracious "Miracle" No. 96—all bear the date 1791; while the D major No. 93 and the C major No. 97 also have close connections with this year. On Haydn's own testimony it took him a month to compose a symphony, so he probably did one while with the Brasseys. Somehow I cannot think it could have been the C minor. Rather must it have been one of his happiest symphonies that floated into his inner hearing and flowed from his fingers amid the idyllic surroundings and the ideal quietude of this country retreat—such quiet as the Brasseys evidently planned for him when they gave their invitation.

Their kindness already made them seem attractive. An entry in Haydn's note-book singled them out as unusual. "On the 4th of August", he wrote, "I went into the country twelve miles from London to visit the banker, Mr. Brassey, and remained five weeks. I was very excellently entertained. N.B. Mr. Brassey once cursed because everything went too well with him in this world".

Fifteen years later Haydn filled in the picture more fully when talking with the landscape painter A. C. Dies. Here is Dies's account of it, which is far more graphic than the dull *précis* in

Pohl's book 'Haydn in London'. All subsequent biographers have contented themselves with quoting Pohl; I therefore print Dies's account in full. Dies, be it observed, discreetly veiled Mr. Brassey's name under asterisks: Pohl, on the other hand, omitted Haydn's own reactions.

Haydn was asked in the most flattering manner by the Banker \* \* \* to give musical instruction to his daughter; he undertook the lessons, and in the household they treated him with the most distinguished honour. The Banker's entire family went once to the country for several weeks; Haydn was invited there, too, and frequently entertained the company with descriptions and stories of his experiences, which, when compared with the brilliantly fortunate circumstances of the Banker, must not infrequently have made a striking contrast. Haydn and \* \* \* were once alone together, and the latter listened attentively to such a narrative. Suddenly he sprang up as if raving, uttering the most terrible curses and swearing that if he had loaded pistols he would shoot himself on the spot.

Haydn, in the meantime, had sprung up, too, shouting, "Quick, help! help, quick! only don't shoot me!" He reflected that he had only one life, and it seemed too soon to him to lose it in such a way.

The Banker's wife and several other persons rushed in, terrified. Resisting them, the Banker cried out "Here, Pistols! I will shoot myself". Trembling, the hither-hurried persons sought to calm him and to discover the reason for this murderous resolution. The Banker allowed himself to remain for a long time without replying, till finally they entreated him with tears in their eyes. On which he repeated again the most powerful oaths and protested, "he would shoot himself because he had never been unfortunate; did not know sorrow, misery, and want; could not say anything about them from experience; therefore, as he had just now perceived, he was not fortunate, for he could only eat and drink, knew nothing but abundance, and that sickened him."

Haydn closed the story here. However, in order that readers may not remain in anxiety on account of the Banker, I can give them the assurance that he did not shoot himself.

I do not know which I enjoy most—the banker's abandon, Haydn's prudence or the family's romantic sensibility. The scene grew so vivid to my imagination that at last I thought I could almost see and hear the two men talking by candle-light in the comfortable room.

But there the matter rested for years—a dream house in a dream place. Then one day at the British Museum, when I was turning over the pages of 'The Gentleman's Magazine', looking for the Battle of the Nile, my glance suddenly fell on the following notice in a column headed "Obituary of remarkable Persons", under date September 18th 1798.

At the Green Man on Blackheath, on his way from Ramsgate, aged 46, Nathanael Brassey, Esq., banker, of Lombard Street; and,



on the 25th, his remains were interred at Hertingfordbury with his father, who was also a banker, and represented the town of Hertford, and died in 1765. Mr. Brassey married the eldest daughter of Alton Lee, Esq., banker, by whom he had several children.

I nearly sprang from my chair: here was the complete clue! But what about Mr. Brassey's house—where was it and did it still stand? By further digging in the British Museum, I found that the house had been called Roxford and lay about a mile to the west of Hertingfordbury. I made inquiries of one or two friends, but no one seemed to have heard of it or the Brasseys. Then I sent a letter into the blue to the Rector. By return came the kindest, most helpful reply. Yes, Roxford still stood.

A fortnight later, 159 years almost to the day since Haydn left Hertingfordbury, I spent a golden seven hours there, my way smoothed at every turn by the Rector (The Rev. W. E.) and Mrs. Woosnam-Jones. Impressions crowded on me. First, Hertford itself, with its ancient houses and timeless charm. Then a happy time at the County Hall, browsing through the old registers which Miss Judith Wright had so kindly got ready for me. Then Hertingfordbury itself, a perfect English village with a history older than Domesday book; rich with the accumulated beauty of centuries, and as unspoiled as when Haydn saw it. Even the number of the population is practically the same as during his lifetime, which by a note in one of the registers I discovered to be "624 souls exclusive of those who reside not here in the winter". (The Brasseys, I take it, were among the hibernal goats.) I had marked, too, a curious coincidence, for in the church register a marriage had been entered on October 11th 1764 and the name of the bridegroom was—Joseph Haydon. Very possibly he was still living in the parish when his great name-fellow came to stay there.

After a delightful intermezzo of lunch at the Rectory, where the exquisite furniture and elegant food seemed to belong more to the eighteenth century than to-day, came a further exploration of the village and the lovely church—with an amazing, sudden view of the Old Rectory, which in its perfect setting of trees and grass is the embodiment of peaceful England—this being followed by a visit to Roxford itself. The owners, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Havinden, were away, but through their kindness the Rector, Mrs. Woosnam-Jones and I were shown all over the house and grounds by Miss Havinden, a kind hostess who gave my enthusiasm time to see all I wanted. I felt how fortunate it is that this remarkable house should be in the hands of a family of artists.

For Roxford is a remarkable place. The first mention of it is in

Domesday Book, and the words conjure up a pastoral vision. "In Rochesforde Guy the priest holds of Geoffrey half a hide. There is land for 1 plough and a half plough. On the demesne is 1 plough and a half plough could be added. There are 3 bordars, and 1 mill worth 5 shillings. Meadow is there sufficient for 1 plough team, pasture sufficient for the live stock, woodland to feed 50 swine. The total value is and was 15 shillings; Tempore Regis Edwardii 20 shillings. Godwin, a thegn of King Edward's, held this land and could sell."

In medieval and Tudor times the old Manor House stood in what is now a lush green water-meadow, bounded by a wide moat, with the little Norman bridge—which still exists—spanning it, and the River Lea on the farther side. I wonder whether Haydn went fishing there. Among his other accomplishments he was a famous shot and fisherman.

The present Roxford, a Queen Anne house with a Victorian extension, stands a short way up the gently sloping hillside. In the lawn, at a little distance below the house, is the entrance to a subterranean chamber—very romantic looking, but in all probability an ice cellar, say the antiquaries. I can well believe it, recalling Haydn's acquaintance with the food in princely households and his encomium on the Brassey's. In the house itself each room had its particular charm, and the staircases were excitingly steep. But the gem of the house to me was the long sitting-room, with its beamed ceiling, great open hearth with log fire, and door on to the garden between the two big windows which look across the lawn, meadow and river to the noble trees of Bayfordbury Park. This, I feel sure, is the room in which Mr. Brassey sprang up and cursed!

At the back of the house lie the farm buildings; and beside them, running up the hillside, is the path Haydn so often took to Grotto Wood, with its innocent sham ruined temple.

His sojourn at Roxford was mostly in a season of calm weather, with just enough variety to keep up the interest. On August 11th a number of white butterflies were seen among the cabbages, and the redbreast began its autumnal song. On August 16th there was an early morning thunderstorm, but August 20th was a "charming day", and plenty of good harvest days followed.

The Brasseys themselves seem to have belonged equally to London and Hertingfordbury. The first one I traced in the registers was John Brassey "citizen and goldsmith of London", who was a party to a lease and release of Dodds Mead, Hertford, in 1699-1700. He purchased Roxford in 1699. His son Nathaniel inherited it under his will, and he in turn devised it to his own son Nathaniel

(Haydn's Mr. Brassey) who came into the property in September 1765. On his death in 1798 it passed to his eldest son Richard, who sold it to William Baker of Bayfordbury in 1802.

Nathaniel Brassey's early death is something of an enigma. He had gone to Ramsgate in September, presumably for a holiday. Most people did go to the sea then. The Royal Family was at Weymouth; Mr. Pitt at Walmer, at that very time. But the weather in the Isle of Thanet was "so intemperate as to seem almost drunk" (as a lady missionary cautiously said of a backsliding convert). According to 'The Times' the thunderstorm on Sunday September 9th "was very awful: the flashes of lightening were so great that they illuminated the sea to a considerable distance." On Tuesday September 11th "it blew a heavy gale at South". Ships put into Ramsgate badly damaged and leaking. Two men, one of them a watchman, were blown off Ramsgate pier and drowned. Away in London a great number of boats were dashed to pieces above London Bridge; many trees were uprooted in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens "and shattered branches of them carried through the air to remote distances." Following hard on these horrors came a masked ball at Margate, apparently on September 12th. This was evidently a notable event and Mr. Brassey went over for it. 'The Times' published a long account.

The Masked Ball at Benson's Hotel . . . attracted the notice of almost all descriptions of persons, and kept this town alive until early morning (wrote the special correspondent). It afforded entertainment to those who were there, and those who were not, for the amphibious rabble of our harbour and pier enjoyed, for the greater part of the night, the cheap diversion of playing with the different masks that passed by, the same part which they probably intended to play towards others in their turn; and of cracking jests without doors which might not have been equalled within. The number of masks in the room amounted to 250. The characters were not numerous but a few of them were supported with spirit and a considerable share of low humour. The most striking of these was Meg of Wapping, with a fine large black eye received from one of her sweethearts.

'The Times' then described other characters in some detail, and mentioned, "several sailors, sweeps, Link-Boys, and Devils"; but the one in whom I think I identify Mr. Brassey is the "Turkish Sultan, who strutted along with solemn pomp, and obliged every person to clear the way at his approach".

Margate must have been in a state of Saturnalia: "Besides the Masquerade at Benson's, there was an inferior one at Were's Library. . . . Here every person was admitted who paid a shilling; and it is supposed that not less than 1,000 persons made their

appearance here at different times of the night. These consisted chiefly of everything that was ludicrous and low."

Whether as a result of the storms or of the masquerade, on his way back after these wild nights Mr. Brassey died at the Green Man, Blackheath, on the morning of Tuesday, September 18th. Most probably he was too ill to travel farther, for Blackheath was not a regular posting stage, and lay, in fact, only a few miles short of his London home. On the other hand, the time of his death and the then quiet situation of Blackheath rather suggest the possibility of an early morning affair of pistols for two and coffee for one, in which Mr. Brassey got the worst of it. Or did he really shoot himself this time? We shall never know.

A week later Mr. Brassey was interred in the family grave in the churchyard at Hertingfordbury. A ponderous monument of stone marks the spot where he lies with his father and mother, his wife Mary (d. 1814) and their little son Nathaniel, aged five.

Haydn survived Mr. Brassey by eleven years. Memories of Mr. Brassey and Roxford were still bright in his thoughts. But in one particular dear Haydn was wrong. Roxford is not twelve but twenty-one miles from London.

## A NOTE IN OP. 27, No. 2

BY IRWIN FISCHER

IN 'The Way of All Flesh' Samuel Butler made one of his characters exclaim, "Ah, a *single chord* of Beethoven is enough!" Thus with one stroke he sought to reduce to absurdity all who admired any composer more than his own prime favourite, Handel.

For my part I love both Beethoven's music and Handel's. No single chord of Beethoven's is enough for me. But a certain single note of his has preoccupied me a good deal. It is the second one in the second triplet of the right-hand part in the twelfth bar of the first movement of the C# minor sonata, Op. 27, No. 2.

Long ago I first played the sonata from an old Peters edition and had grown used to it in that version when Hans von Bülow's edition fell into my hands. Here was a difference. The middle note of the second triplet of the twelfth bar was a B instead of Peters's C#. I well remember the immediate dislike I took to this B. It agreed with the bass; but if the C was harsh it was stronger, and I decided that the B must be a misprint.

In 1924 I entered Adolph Weidig's harmony class at the American Conservatory in Chicago. When we were ready for analysis he selected the C# minor sonata and asked a student to play it from her copy. She struck a B in the twelfth bar and at this Weidig put his hands to his ears, exclaiming, "Ach, you have that d——"—he wanted to say damned but, because of the girls in the class, he settled for "that darned von Bülow edition!" "The B is wrong!" he said. "Beethoven would never have written such weak parallelism! Change it to a C." Which we all did; and I felt a bit set up by the fact that I had come to the same conclusion all by myself a year or more before.

In course of time I became a teacher, with my own harmony and piano students, and I had them play the C in Beethoven's Adagio, often changing it in their printed copies. One day such a pencilled change fell under the eyes of an older colleague. "What right", he demanded, "has Fischer to change Beethoven?", and he took out the mark. The student told me of this and I said I would settle the matter, little knowing how difficult that would be.

I bearded my colleague in his den and explained that I had made the change on Weidig's authority. Weidig was no more, but his name was still potent in Chicago. At my remonstrance,



however, that Weidig had been a distinguished musician, my opponent bristled and observed that Bülow had been no less respectable. "But the Peters Edition," I argued, "is reckoned authoritative." "The d'Albert Edition gives B", he countered, "and d'Albert, too, was somebody!"

Outside that studio door I resolved to settle the hash of that troublesome note. Other editions on which I laid my hands were not of much help. Casella's at least recognized a problem. In large notes was the Bülow-d'Albert reading; above, in smaller print was the Peters version. But not a footnote or explanation anywhere! I listened to recordings of the movement. Paderewski played C. So did Harold Bauer. So do . . . but listen for yourself!

When Schnabel's edition appeared I turned to the interesting triplet. But the great man disappointed me. He had blandly followed the Bülow-d'Albert reading, with no mention or indication of the fact that there was a problem. Then one day in 1936 I saw advertised a facsimile reproduction of the manuscript of the sonata. I was at Budapest, and asked at a music shop to be shown the facsimile. I had to wait three days, and then the shopman laid it before me with a smile. I took a deep breath as I opened the cover.

I had seen reproductions of Beethoven manuscripts before and was not unprepared for trouble. But for the disappointment that ensued I was not prepared. The sonata did not begin at the beginning; the bar I sought was not there! In the long German preface I deciphered enough to learn that the first page of the manuscript of the sonata was lost and that the facsimile started with the second page. In point of fact at the thirteenth bar—just one bar too late!

That small insertion in Casella's edition was explained. The first twelve bars must be according to the first published edition. Had Beethoven failed to read his proof carefully enough? Had he not really meant C instead of B?

In that moment at Budapest I felt a profound pity for all musicologists, a feeling I cherished for years until, one evening back in Chicago, I went to a lecture by a luminary of that science. It was all about questionable readings in various compositions, and how cleverly they had all been put to right by musicologists. Afterwards I asked him about Beethoven's note. He said that, of course, there was no question at all. "Indubitably the note is B." But when I asked for his reasons he told me nothing I did not already know.

\* In the Tovey-Craxton edition (London, the Associated Board), the note is printed as C, with a footnote: "This note is B $\sharp$  in the autograph and in the first edition."—Editor, 'Music & Letters.'

# THE CHORAL SYMPHONY IN LONDON

BY ADAM CARSE

The calendar of events during the thirty years 1825 to 1855 was as follows:

Date	Occasion	Conductor	Soloists	Place
1825, March 21st	Phil. Soc.	Smart	Caradori, Goodall, Vaughan and Phillips	Argyll Rooms
1830, April 20th	Charles Neate's concert	Smart	Lelande, Stockhausen, Begrez and Taylor	King's Theatre (Concert room)
1835, June 20th	Royal Academy of Music	Lucas	Bishop, Birch, Burnett and Stretton	H.S.R. (1)
1836, March 24th	Societa Armonica	Forbes	Bishop, Shaw, Hobbs and Balfe <sup>2</sup>	King's Theatre (Concert room)
1836, April 15th	Royal Academy of Music	Lucas	Bishop, Birch, Burnett and Stretton	H.S.R.
1837, April 17th	Phil. Soc.	Moscheles	Bishop, Hawes, Horn-castle and Phillips	H.S.R.
1837, July 19th	Concert for Beethoven Monument at Bonn	Moscheles	Bishop, Wyndham, Balfe and Phillips	Drury Lane
1838, April 23	Phil. Soc.	Moscheles	Bishop, Hawes, Horn-castle and Balfe	H.S.R.
1838, May 23rd	Moscheles's Concert	Moscheles	Bishop, Hawes, Kraft and Balfe	H.S.R.
1841, May 3rd	Phil. Soc.	Moscheles	Birch, Hawes, Hobbs and Phillips	H.S.R.
1843, April 24th	Phil. Soc.	Moscheles	Caradori-Allan, Hawes, Hobbs and Phillips	H.S.R.
1843, July 10th	Phil. Soc. (Scherzo and Finale)	Spohr	Birch, Hawes, Hobbs and Staudigl	H.S.R.
1847, March 29th	Phil. Soc.	Costa	Birch, Williams, Lockey and Phillips	H.S.R.
1849, June 11th	Phil. Soc.	Costa	A. and M. Williams, Lockey and Phillips	H.S.R.
1851, April 7th	Phil. Soc.	Costa	Pyne, Williams, Lockey and Stockhausen	H.S.R.
1852, May 12th	New Phil. Soc.	Berlioz	Clara Novello, Williams, Sims Reeves and Staudigl	Exeter Hall
1852, June 9th	New Phil. Soc.	Berlioz	Novello, Williams, Reichart and Staudigl	Exeter Hall
1853, June 22nd	New Phil. Soc.	Spohr	Agnes Bury, Bassano, Formes and Weiss	Exeter Hall
1855, March 26th	Phil. Soc.	Wagner	Mme. Weiss, Mrs. Lockey, Lockey and Weiss	H.S.R.
1855, April 25	New Phil. Soc.	Dr. Wylde?	Clara Novello	Exeter Hall

The music was first published in 1826 by Schott, of Mainz<sup>3</sup> in the form of full score, instrumental parts, and vocal choral parts (no vocal score). Manuscript parts, both vocal and instrumental, must therefore have been used for the first performance in London in 1825. No doubt the printed material was used at all subsequent performances.

The orchestras of the period, the conductors and their manner of conducting have been fully described by me in 'The Orchestra from Beethoven to Berlioz' (Heffer, Cambridge, 1948), but little

<sup>1</sup> Hanover Square Rooms.

<sup>2</sup> Composer of 'The Bohemian Girl'.

<sup>3</sup> All three Histories of the Phil. Soc. incorrectly state that it was published at Vienna.

is known about the choirs that took part in the choral finale, nor has a search for information been very fruitful. It can, nevertheless, be assumed with reasonable certainty that small professional choirs were employed at all the early performances; that a combination of boys' and women's voices sang the soprano part; that the alto part was sung by male altos; and that most if not all of the boys and men, including tenors and basses, were drawn from the choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal.

The movement that brought into being the mixed amateur choral societies in England during the first half of the last century had barely begun and had not yet gathered much force during the 1820s and 1830s; in fact, it only received its first strong impulse in London when the Sacred Harmonic Society began to flourish after a modest beginning in 1832. While there were plenty of amateur Glee, Madrigal and "Harmonic" societies, their line was not the performing of big choral works with an orchestra. The only established institutions in a position to undertake choral works on the scale of oratorio—and that was what the Choral Symphony demanded—were the aristocratic and exclusive 'Concert of Ancient Music' and its middle-class offshoot, the 'Vocal Concert'. Both of these employed the same performers, and both made use of a professional choir constituted as has been described above. The female voices were mainly those of a bevy of young women from Lancashire who were brought to London for the concert season and were maintained there and trained at the expense of the Concert of Ancient Music for the purpose of singing in the society's chorus. In 1825 the choir at the Ancient Concerts numbered twelve boys and eleven women for the soprano part, eleven men for the alto part, fourteen tenors and sixteen basses, making a total of sixty-four voices. While it is possible that some chorus singers from the Italian Opera may also have been employed it is practically certain that all the choirs that took part in the early performances of the Choral Symphony by the Philharmonic Society cannot have been very different from that of the Concert of Ancient Music, for the simple reason that no other choir was available at that time in London. Some support for this surmise may be found in the remark of a critic who wrote to the effect that the two upper choral parts *should be* sung by women's voices, thereby implying that they were *not* then sung entirely by women; and in the fact that for the Philharmonic performance in 1837 "Mr. Turle sent some good boys from the Abbey, and Mr. Hawes sent the 'young gentlemen' of the Chapel Royal to assist in the chorus" (Foster's 'History of the Philharmonic Society', p. 142).

Of the orchestra it must suffice to say that at the Philharmonic performances in the Argyll and Hanover Square Rooms the number of players would be from sixty to seventy; that at the New Philharmonic concerts in the Exeter Hall about ninety instrumentalists took part; and that if it was played at all, the double-bassoon part would be rendered on either a serpent or an ophicleide. The solo singers were nearly all trained according to the traditions of the English oratorio school, with occasional importations from the Italian or German opera houses.

It was the custom of the Philharmonic Society to play through new or unfamiliar works at trial rehearsals held before the season began. A manuscript copy of the score having been received from Beethoven, corrected by his own hand, the Choral Symphony was tried over under the direction of Smart on February 1, 1825. Two critics who were present have left their impressions, respectively, in 'The Quarterly Musical Magazine' and 'The Harmonicon'. The first of these made it clear that he had been greatly distressed at having to witness the "partial failure" of a great man, and went on to describe the "beauties and defects" of the new work. Incidentally, our respect for his judgment and musicianship must be somewhat tempered when we read that, according to his account, the first movement was in the key of F. The second (William Ayrton) observed that, while "it manifests many brilliant traits of Beethoven's vast genius", it is much too long and is "rendered wearying by expansion", and that the composer had "diluted his subjects till they became weak and vapid".

The first public performance on March 21st served only to confirm the fears of these two critics that Beethoven's genius had run to seed. The first registered "a mixed feeling of pleasure and dissatisfaction", and bemoaned "the disjointed nature of the whole composition"; but he had to admit that the symphony was the "work of a great mind". The 'Harmonicon' critic could "discover no diminution of Beethoven's creative talent" but complained that the work was "at least twice as long as it should be; it repeats itself, and the subjects in consequence become weak by reiteration". This first performance was often referred to in later years in the most scathing terms—it was "mercilessly butchered", a "caricature", a "complete failure", and so on. There can be no doubt but that the rendering was very bad; it could hardly have been otherwise in the circumstances. A piece that is now familiar to the players and, even so, fully taxes the powers of our best orchestras and choirs and demands highly efficient direction, could have been nothing but a caricature when performed under the conditions prevailing in 1825,

with one rehearsal and without a conductor (for there was no baton-conducting at the Philharmonic in 1825). Smart sat at the piano with the score in front of him and superintended the performance, but he did not control it. Cramer, the leading violin, was virtually in charge of the orchestra and had only a first violin part on his desk. It would not have been without precedent if a visible time-beat had been given for the choral movements, as it was at Vienna in 1824, but there is no trace of a time-beater in the records of the first two London performances.

What with the executive difficulties, the lack of effective control and the high pitch, the unfamiliar music could not have meant much to those who saw and heard it only through the medium of their own individual parts, and who could hardly have been expected to grasp its meaning and co-ordinate their efforts with any real understanding of its design. One can imagine the choir and soloists struggling with Beethoven's ungrateful parts, so different from the singable Handel parts that they had all been brought up on, and so awkward when compared to the smooth Mendelssohn parts which they had yet to meet but which, when they did encounter them, they took to as ducks do to water.

For five years the Choral Symphony was allowed to lie fallow in London. In the meantime the score and parts had appeared in print, and there were some who did not concur with the view that Beethoven's last great works were incomprehensible, wild and extravagant. Among these was Charles Neate, a pianist who had been a friend and claimed to be a pupil of Beethoven's, and who was also a founder and director of the Philharmonic Society. His production of the symphony in 1830 at one of his own "benefit" concerts was again directed by Smart, and probably with much the same forces as had been employed at the first performance in 1825. The 'Harmonicon' reported of this performance: "It was executed admirably, and seemed to afford the audience much satisfaction. We certainly do not at present rank ourselves among its admirers, and moreover cannot suppose that we shall ever enjoy a work in which there are so many extravagances, which is of so heterogeneous a nature, and is an hour and a quarter in duration".<sup>4</sup> The "we" in this notice is doubtless William Ayrton, the editor.

Again five years passed, and in 1835 the symphony was revived by the Royal Academy of Music under the direction of Charles Lucas. Lucas was a cellist, and would certainly not conduct "at the pianoforte"; moreover, by that time baton-control had been

<sup>4</sup> In 1825 it took sixty-five minutes; the usual time is now between sixty-five and seventy minutes.



adopted both at the Opera and the Philharmonic. It is almost certain that Lucas would use a baton. Of this and another performance by the R.A.M. in 1836 there is little if anything on record. But between these two there was a performance of the symphony by the 'Societa Armonica', a sort of second-rate Philharmonic directed by Henry Forbes, a pianist and organist who had been a pupil of Smart and Hummel. The 'Athenaeum' (Chorley) reported: "Of a work so complicated, it is next to impossible to speak on a single hearing<sup>5</sup>; and yet more so, from its being imperfectly executed; the feebleness of the chorus must have occasioned the loss of many effects which a greater strength of voices would have fully brought out." Some years later the 'Illustrated London News' (Hogarth) said of this performance that the Societa Armonica "essayed to perform it with praiseworthy intentions, but with imperfect means".

By 1836 a pianoforte arrangement by Czerny had appeared in print, and in that year Dr. Gauntlett wrote a series of articles for the 'Musical World' in which he strongly combated the view that Beethoven's later works were unintelligible and impracticable.

For the next seven years all performances of the Choral Symphony in London seem to have been directed by Moscheles. Contemporary reports on Moscheles as a conductor are conflicting; they were probably inspired by partisanship rather than judgment. In 'The Times' (Davison) he is thus portrayed: "As a conductor he surpasses almost all our musicians, for whenever he swings his baton he leads the orchestra, whereas others are led by it." The 'Illustrated London News' (Hogarth) tells quite another story: "As a theorist he (Moscheles) is also distinguished; but, place him in an orchestra, and, despite his thorough knowledge of the composer's score, nothing can be more disastrous than his wielding of the baton. This arises from his uncertainty; he is 'infirm of purpose', he is always dubious. . . . His ear is also defective; he is unable to detect sound with accuracy; he has called a trombone to order for the peccadillo of the horn. . . . Moscheles was a cipher—the performers did as they liked at the performances." Although Moscheles was unquestionably conscientious and painstaking he belonged to that early type of conductor, of which there were several in London (Smart, Potter, Forbes, Bishop), who willingly left much of the actual control of the orchestra to the leading violinist.

For the Philharmonic revival of the symphony in 1837 Moscheles succeeded in persuading the Directors to allow him two rehearsals; he also added an organ part, without which, apparently, an English choir at that time was never quite at its ease, and he is said to have

<sup>5</sup> Chorley evidently heard the work for the first time on this occasion.

altered some of the vocal parts. According to the 'Musical World' the symphony "was received with the greatest manifestations of gratification . . . it was much better understood than before, both by the orchestra\* and the public".

For the performance at Drury Lane in 1837 a chorus of 112 voices and an orchestra of 110 instruments were employed. According to the 'Musical World' this performance "excited the greatest sensation"; according to the 'Illustrated London News', it "failed through inadequate means to interpret the great work". The 1838 performance by the Philharmonic was a "successful re-production" of a work that had been a "failure in 1825". For the performance of Moscheles's own concert in 1838 the orchestra was augmented by the addition of Johann Strauss's (the elder) dance band from Vienna, which was then on a visit to this country, and "Mr. Turle helped the choir by playing the organ". At the Philharmonic performance in 1841 the Recitative for cellos and basses in the finale was still played, according to custom, as a solo by Dragonetti.

In 1843 Moscheles conducted the symphony for the last time at the Philharmonic, and the chorus was augmented to 110 voices. The extra concert of that season, "commanded" by Queen Victoria, included only the scherzo and choral finale, and was conducted by Spohr, who would certainly give a careful and conscientious rendering although probably not a brilliant performance of the work. Spohr was one of those who did not hold the view that Beethoven's most mature works were his best.

The next stage in the story is that of the period during which Costa reigned as permanent conductor at the Philharmonic concerts, from 1846 to 1854, and in which there were three performances of the symphony, in 1847, 1849 and 1851. Costa was a masterful conductor and the first of those resident in this country to take complete control of the performing body. It was he who abolished the function (although not the title) of Leader of the Orchestra. A new chapter in the history of conducting and orchestral playing in England had begun. Costa was all-powerful, magisterial and despotic. Jullien was showing what could be achieved by sheer personality, by display, and by appealing to a new sort of audience, one more democratic and less instructed than the cultivated and genteel patrons of the Philharmonic Society. This period saw the demise of the old, aristocratic Concert of Ancient Music, the rise of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, and the appearance

\* "Orchestra" at that time meant the whole performing body, vocal and instrumental.

of a disturbing element in the person of Hector Berlioz, to be followed shortly after by a still more upsetting personality, that stormy petrel, Richard Wagner. Although Mendelssohn-worship was still at its height in England, the complacent and reverent attitude of musicians and critics before the altar of "classical" music was being rudely shaken up by the infiltration of a new and revolutionary musical art which came from France and Germany, and the medium of its expression was that now almost fully-grown, composite and corporate instrument—the orchestra.

Of the first performance of the Choral Symphony at the Philharmonic under Costa it was said that "for the first time, a thoroughly intelligible interpretation of the composer's conception was given" ('I.L.N.'). but of course the Hanover Square Room (barely as large as the Wigmore Hall) was far too small; it was "quite unfit to hold the number of choristers and instrumentalists calculated to do justice to the vast design of the composer, and the rehearsals were too restricted to develop with advantage the complications of the score". Of the 1849 performance it was written that the work was a "grand inspiration"—"the most wonderful specimen of Beethoven's genius, massive in its melodies and gorgeous in its harmonies". The "majestic tones of the double-basses . . . was very fine"—from which we may infer that the famous recitative was now no longer played as a solo,<sup>7</sup> but by the full force of all the bass stringed instruments. In 1851 the symphony was unwisely placed in the second half of the programme after a first half that had lasted for more than two hours; but "Costa achieved what was possible with the limited time allowed for production, . . . there were fewer mishaps than usual in the choral portion." Evidently the chorus was hardly expected to get through its ordeal (now at the highest possible pitch) without some accidents. Costa had increased the size of the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1848 and had also weeded out some old and inefficient players. No doubt he would make the improved orchestra and choir "sit up" and put more life into the work than was ever drawn from it by the complacent organist Smart or the fashionable pianist Moscheles.

But to do the Choral Symphony justice the setting was too cramped and the preparation still too limited, and not until 1852 was the great work given the chance to spread its wings and expand in the wider spaces of the Exeter Hall and with an unstinted allowance of preliminary rehearsal.

For some time before the mid-century there had been murmurs against the conservative policy of the Philharmonic Society, against

<sup>7</sup> Dragonetti died in 1846.

its neglect of British music—a hoary complaint that has never ceased as long as British music has existed—against the cliquishness of the Directors, in fact, complaints of the sort that any old-established monopoly is almost sure to lay itself open to in the course of time. Probably Jullien's lively promenade concerts had also helped to make the Philharmonic concerts seem rather dull and unadventurous affairs. There were threats of a rival institution from time to time, but not until 1852 did these threats develop into actuality, and then it was that the New Philharmonic Society put forth its prospectus, glowing with promises and rich in possibilities. The leading spirit was the young Dr. Henry Wylde, and the business and financial side was in the hands of Mr. Beale, who was then a prominent music-publisher and concert promoter.

The new society was founded with the laudable object of presenting "the greatest works by the greatest masters of all ages and nations". "Exclusiveness, the baneful hindrance to all progress of Art" was not to be tolerated, and the performance of new works was to "give encouragement to aspiring talent". There is a familiar ring about all this. How frequently have these worthy objects been promulgated by new societies! And how often have the societies perished on the rocks of finance, internal dissension and, especially, on that most dangerous rock of all, British music! But the programme-book of the first season reveals that an adequate and worthy performance of the Choral Symphony "was one of the chief motives in establishing the New Philharmonic Society". The Exeter Hall was the only one large enough and suitable for such a project, and a trump card was played when it was announced that Berlioz was to be the conductor. An orchestra of 106, selected by the horn-player Garrett, led by Sivori and including such players as Jansa, Piatti and Bottesini, was engaged. From this total we may safely deduct the twelve harps and two "cymbales antiques" which would no doubt be useful in Berlioz's 'Romeo and Juliet', but which could hardly have been employed in the Choral Symphony.

The programme-book informs us that a professional choir was engaged. We may wonder why the big chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, already firmly established in the Exeter Hall, was not available. The reason may be that this amateur society was too much occupied with Handel, Mendelssohn and Spohr to spend its time on Beethoven's ungrateful and uncomfortably high choral parts, or, more likely, that Costa was their conductor and that he would refuse to countenance the co-operation of his choir with this upstart society conducted by that wild and woolly

Frenchman. Rightly or wrongly, both Berlioz and Wagner (in 1855) scented Costa's opposition to their activities in London. No doubt the autocratic resident conductor resented being challenged on his own ground, first by the dynamic Frenchman, and then by the cocksure and rather rude little German.

We are told by the 'Musical World' that seven rehearsals were allowed for the performance of the Choral Symphony on May 12th 1852. Strings and brass were rehearsed separately, and Beale said that these rehearsals swallowed up more than a third of the entire subscription. To quote the programme-book again: "the enormous difficulties of this (first) movement are dreadfully perplexing to the players, and it should never be attempted without several careful rehearsals. To expect it to go satisfactorily with one, would be too preposterous for any society but the London Philharmonic Society". The new society was to show the old society how things should be done.

Wilhelm Ganz, then a lad of nineteen, played in this performance, and wrote of it in his memoirs: "It was a triumph for Berlioz. Up to then the work had never been properly given in England, as the old Philharmonic Society, although it owned the original score,<sup>\*</sup> would never give it more than their customary one rehearsal. . . . The performance was masterly, completely realizing all the grandeur and beauty of the immortal work, and the effect on the audience was electrical". Francis Hueffer wrote of this performance: "It still lives in the memory of many musicians who were present, and who are unanimous in testifying that such singing and such playing had never been heard before and were very rarely heard afterwards in an English concert-room." The 'Illustrated London News' said: "It was thus reserved for the New Philharmonic Society to achieve the greatest victory ever yet attained in the development of Beethoven's intentions. It is Berlioz who has succeeded in making this choral symphony intelligible to the masses". But even this performance was not without its flaws; there was "a passage missed in the horns", and Sims Reeves got out of step in the tenor solo. There was also a snarl from Chorley in 'Athenaeum': "the wind instruments were always feeble and not always sure, and in the Adagio the florid violin passages of the variations were confused, owing to want of agreement amongst the performers". Chorley was an out-and-out Mendelssohn-worshipper and supporter of the old Philharmonic régime, and could hardly bring himself to eulogize the rival establishment and its imported conductor.

<sup>\*</sup> Actually only a copy; the original autograph score went to Berlin.



On June 9th of the same season the Choral Symphony was repeated with the same performers, except that Reichart replaced Sims Reeves in the tenor solos. According to the Rev. J. E. Cox's 'Musical Recollections' this concert was "by far the most brilliant of the series, Beethoven's Choral Symphony having been repeated in some aspects more fully and firmly than on its first performance". The Scherzo was encored and there was an ovation for Berlioz.

Again in 1853 the New Philharmonic Society played the symphony, but this time without Berlioz. Spohr, then a man of sixty-nine, conducted the performance and evidently failed to give it the drive and energy that the fiery Frenchman had injected into it: "The execution of the Ninth Symphony was by no means so good as under the batons of Costa and Berlioz; Spohr took the times (*tempi*) through all the movements much too slow, and the effect was consequently monotonous and wearisome" ('Illustrated London News'). But, said the 'Musical World', the symphony "which in certain quarters has been rated as extravagant, unintelligible and impossible, was proved to be reasonable, intelligible and quite possible".

It was a good move on the part of the old Philharmonic Society to produce the Choral Symphony in 1855, just when the New Society was getting into troubled waters. This was the famous season when Wagner was the conductor. The German composer had been greatly impressed by Habeneck's performance at the Conservatoire concerts in Paris, and had himself given a carefully prepared performance of the symphony at Dresden before his exile.

Wagner's performance of the Choral Symphony in 1855 can hardly be viewed apart from his direction of the society's concerts during the whole of that season. With few exceptions the critics, led by Davison and Chorley, had condemned Wagner even before his arrival in London, and they could not openly change their views without acknowledging either that they were mistaken or else that they were bad judges.

Much that was written about Wagner's conducting in London in 1855 is familiar.\* Every little flaw in the playing was magnified and put down to Wagner's incompetence, while obviously successful performances were given only grudging commendation or were ascribed to the skill of an orchestra which even Wagner could not ruin. On the pro-Wagner side Hogarth, then secretary of the Philharmonic Society and musical critic to four London periodicals, stood almost alone. Of the concert at which the Choral Symphony was played he wrote: "In regard to Wagner's character as an

\* See Carse, 'The Orchestra from Beethoven to Berlioz', pp. 355-360.

orchestral conductor, there was not on this occasion a single dissenting voice" ('Illustrated London News'). But there were plenty of dissenting voices in the press. The pack of yelping critics was for ever at Wagner's heels; they could not understand his beat, they disliked his readings of the classics; the first movement of the symphony was all "higgledy-piggledy" (Davison), and if the orchestra got through it without breaking down it was more by good luck than by good conducting. Chorley was a good Yes-man, and had never heard a "more discreditable scrambling" through a well-known movement. The whole campaign forms a pitiable episode in the history of musical journalism in England. Many of those who took an unworthy part in it lived to see how ridiculous they had made themselves, and how a new race of great conductors (Richter, Levi, Schuch and so on) had been bred on Wagner's model and out of his methods.

For this performance of the Choral Symphony Wagner succeeded in wringing an extra rehearsal out of the directors of the society, and on the whole he was satisfied that he had won the sympathy and approbation of his audience, even if not that of his press. Soon after the performance by the old Philharmonic in 1855 the New, apparently under Wylde's direction, gave another rendering of the Choral Symphony, "which was carefully and steadily, though somewhat heavily performed" ('Illustrated London News'). There were many (including 'Punch'<sup>10</sup>) who thought that the old Philharmonic Society was doomed after the Wagner season of 1855. But in spite of circumstances which have by now deprived it of the very reason for its foundation, the old society still survives just as active and as influential as it was in those far-off days when it enjoyed the immediate patronage of the Prince Regent, George IV, William IV and Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

The New Philharmonic Society, after moving into the Hanover Square Rooms in 1856, ceased to be a society in 1858, but the concerts were carried on for some time by Dr. Wylde under the title New Philharmonic Concerts, and eventually found a home in St. James's Hall. Part of its policy—that of encouraging "aspiring talent"—could not for long stand up to the strain of playing British music by such as Wylde, Loder, Silas, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, Horsley and so on, and the programmes eventually became as classical and as German as those of the old society. Both societies,

<sup>10</sup> "The Old Philharmonic on Monday evening last week closed a career, which, there is too much reason to apprehend, it will never resume." ('Punch,' Vol. XXIX, p. 2.)

however, had done their share in establishing the great symphony in London. The four stages in which it struggled for recognition were (a) the "caricatures" of Smart and the Societa Armonica, (b) the clearer but still light grip exercised by Moscheles, (c) the firmer grip that Costa brought to bear on it, and (d) the first strong and interpretative performances under Berlioz and Wagner. The whole period coincided with the rise and consolidation of baton-conducting in London orchestras, and with the emergence of a generation of orchestral players whose training and experience had thrown off all that remained of the eighteenth century in their methods and outlook.

The Choral Symphony was not played at the Philharmonic concerts during the period in which Sterndale Bennett was conductor, but it was revived by his successor, W. G. Cusins, in 1867. The first performance at the Crystal Palace, under Manns, was in 1865. For many years after that the London concert-goer could count on hearing the Choral Symphony about once a year. Since the advent of wireless transmission he has been able to hear it two or three times a year without leaving his armchair, and far oftener if he chooses to make his way to the Albert Hall. Before long the great work will no doubt be heard in the concert hall which is now rising on the South Bank of the Thames, and possibly in a new Queen's Hall. All of these performances, recent, present and future, will owe something to those late Georgians and early Victorians who fought and won the Battle of the Choral Symphony in London during the years from 1825 to 1855.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS

*Counterpoint: The Polyphonic Vocal Style of the Sixteenth Century.* By Knud Jeppeson. pp. 302. (London: Williams & Norgate, 1950. 15s.)

Students of the polyphonic style have already learnt to respect Dr. Jeppeson for his book on 'The Style of Palestrina and the Dissonance.' This earlier work, as the author points out in the present volume, was purely scientific, and ill-suited for use as a text-book. But a text-book was wanted, and in 'Counterpoint' Dr. Jeppeson provides it. Originally written in Danish, the book was translated into English in 1939 by the Professor of Music in the University of North Carolina. This translation is now offered us in an English edition.

No living writer is better qualified than Dr. Jeppeson for the work he has undertaken, and his book is one that no student of Palestrina's style can ignore. Amateurs may, it is true, be disconcerted by musical examples that use G and F clefs on the middle line and C clefs on every line except the top one; but even they will find something to interest them in the preface and in the masterly 'Outline History of Contrapuntal Theory' from the ninth century to the present day, wherein such writers as Hucbald, Tinctoris, Zarlino, Fux, Kirnberger and many others are firmly set in the framework of a slowly evolving theory of counterpoint. Palestrina and Bach are shown as the champions of two opposite points of view, Palestrina illustrating Zarlino's dictum, "Harmony arises from the simultaneous singing of melodies", Bach the dictum of Rameau, "Melody comes from harmony". Later in the story the English reader is gratified to meet with the names of Rockstro, Prout, Kitson and Morris.

After all this there comes a chapter on 'Technical Features', covering notation, modes, melody and harmony. Then, in Part II, Dr. Jeppeson gets down to the real business of 'Contrapuntal Exercises'. Unlike R. O. Morris—to whose 'Contrapuntal Technique' he goes out of his way to pay a compliment—Dr. Jeppeson accepts the discipline of the semibreve *cantus firmus*, and works through all the five species, first in two parts, then three and then four. Copious examples are given in all the five modes that Palestrina used, and the student is supplied with *canti firmi* on which he may experiment for himself. Since Palestrina wrote no work in two parts and was not, in any case, a composer of exercises the author has had to invent most of his exercises himself. But as soon as he gets to "free" fifth species in three or four parts Palestrina becomes the model; and in the chapter on counterpoint in more than four parts nearly all the examples are taken from his works. At the end of the book are short but enlightening chapters on the canon, the motet and the Mass, an appendix on 'The Vocal Fugue', a useful summary of rules—and an index.

Basing himself as he does exclusively on Palestrina's practice, Dr. Jeppeson formulates a set of rules that do not by any means coincide with

those of the older text-books, nor always with those of Morris.\* Three limitations new to me may be cited out of a list that could be made much longer. (i). In second species auxiliary discords on the weak beat are forbidden. (ii). In third species no upward leap is permitted from an accented crotchet. (iii). In fourth species suspended discords are allowed only when they can resolve on imperfect concords. No less novel are some of the licences. While parallel octaves and fifths are forbidden, nothing is said of octaves or fifths by contrary motion, or of movement from octave to unison or *vice versa*. In the two-part example at the top of p. 118 Dr. Jeppeson himself writes fifths by contrary motion; and movement from unison to octave or octave to unison is so frequent that special mention is unnecessary. Most theorists forbid these progressions in less than five or six parts. Again, there is a well-known law prohibiting the approach to the unison by oblique and conjunct motion, unless the moving voice passes through the unison to a consonance on the other side. Dr. Jeppeson does not mention this rule and flouts it so frequently that we must regard it as abrogated.

Once or twice (hardly more often) an abnormality occurs that arouses suspicion: the approach from outside the interval to the leap of the octave in the Phrygian example on p. 118, the use of six successive intervals of a third in the Phrygian example on p. 134. Possibly we should write these off as slips. Even so, there remains a great number of unusual progressions for which Palestrina's authority is claimed (some actually occurring in the Palestrina quotations)—progressions not to be found in Kitson or Morris. Now Kitson and Morris were both good scholars—and Jeppeson is another. Whom, then, is the luckless student to follow when preparing for his degree examination; and what is the examiner to accept as the criterion? The fact is that, in spite of all the study that has been lavished on Palestrina during the present century, a definitive analysis of his procedures has not yet been achieved. That research should continue is obviously desirable. In the meantime, should not examining bodies recognize the existing situation in their regulations and, when asking for an exercise in Palestrina's style, state whether it is Palestrina-Kitson, Palestrina-Morris, Palestrina-Jeppeson or Palestrina-somebody-else to whom they refer?

But we cannot saddle Dr. Jeppeson with our pedagogic problems. His business is to enlighten us regarding Palestrina's actual methods. That he has discovered all the secrets he would, doubtless, be the last to claim. He has certainly shown us much that we did not know before. He is, moreover, not merely a scholar who has made a thorough examination of his sources; he has imagination, he can suggest as well as affirm. Take this: "The entire history of music could justifiably be written as the History of the Leading-Tone Step." That may be an exaggeration, but it sets one thinking. Dr. Jeppeson is continually setting one thinking.

The English reader will regret "tone" for "note", just as he will regret "half-note", "quarter-note", "voice-leading", "syncopé" (for syncopation) and other expressions that might with advantage have been altered in the English edition. But that is not to criticize Dr. Haydon,

\* Just as this review goes to press I learn that Alan Bush has written a text-book based on 'The Style of Palestrina and the Dissonance.'



who writes for his own countrymen. His translation reads easily and naturally. Misprints are few. On p. 194 the word "examples" has been printed two lines too early. "Hyperdorian" in the index should be "hypodorian". And surely "dissonances in half-notes" should read "dissonances in unaccented half-notes" in the last sentence on p. 291. In the musical example on p. 235 the second note of the seventh bar (upper voice) should, I think, be A.

P. L.

*Joseph Haydn: His Art, Times, and Glory.* By H. E. Jacob. pp. 368. (London, Gollancz. 1950. 18s.)

There are many reasons which may determine a man to write a book, a number of objectives towards which it may be directed. As to the first, Mr. Jacob saw, as he thought, that the domain of Haydn biography was singularly empty, not to say swept and garnished, and he entered upon it with a zest which has produced curious results. As to the second, it is not easy to say whether his book was designed for readers on the popular level, for the general intelligentsia or for musicians. Two of these classes will find plenty to please them in it. The author has imagination and he has studied the sources to some purpose. His story makes lively reading. Then he has a number of quite good observations to make, as when, for instance, discussing the relations between Haydn and Beethoven, he says: "There have been a good many attempts to explain Haydn's curious behaviour toward Beethoven. The most untenable of all far-fetched explanations is that the old man was jealous of young Beethoven and therefore deliberately led him astray in musical matters. This would not only have been dishonourable, but a violation of professional ethics." Mr. Jacob is practically the only biographer of Haydn since Griesinger in 1810 (and there have been more of them than Mr. Jacob deigns to reckon) to recognize how strong in Haydn was the code of a professional musician.

But Mr. Jacob's flashes of real comprehension are often neutralized by his habit of surrounding the events of Haydn's life, as he relates them, with a wealth of detail, some of it historical, much of it imagined, which in its effect is about as tangible as the auras said to surround human beings. Moreover, as he rarely gives any reference for the sources of his additions to, or variations from well-known accounts of Haydn, their historical and musicological value is negligible, even where there seems ground for thinking he has done a useful bit of work—as in his account of Haydn's last days and funeral. But in his description of Haydn's inner thoughts, and—still more daring—of Napoleon's, one sees a novelist, and not a biographer, at work. His style, too, is over-coloured. Here is a sample: "He (Haydn) had left Vienna accompanied by Elssler, his faithful servant, only, but when they returned, there were three instead of two. A messenger from the realm of beasts cowered on Elssler's shoulder. It was a wonderful green parrot, with a spot of red on his breast and a yellow tail, a present from Haydn's English friends."

Presumably the whole book was written in German and then translated. This explains something—but not everything, for the language into which it has been translated is hardly the English of any nation at all, and certainly not that of its original home. Readers, however, have

the right to assume that he has at least checked the accuracy of the musical matters and allusions. But on this, the musical side, Mr. Jacob is very vulnerable. He is right enough in believing Haydn's character and life to be inextricably bound up with his music; but that they were, as he says, "the inexhaustible source of it" simply shows that he knows little of the nature of genius. Were a fine life and character the *fons et origo* of great music, then by now there should have been hundreds of Haydns. However, this is debatable; but when it comes to the undebatable concrete in music Mr. Jacob is often erroneous. On page 57 he makes the following statement:

"One day he (Haydn) surprised Baron von Fuernberg with a four-voiced composition"—(only in English we say four-part)—"for strings that he himself had written. It was his first quartet, B-Major in six-quarter time".—(In English, six-eight time)—"Brimming over with *joie de vivre* and bubbling with cheerfulness, it races along quite simply. After the first subject the second follows without further modulation in the key of the dominant. A final bar, and the first part is finished. In the second part there is a middle movement group using motifs from the first part which are treated cautiously and briefly. The third movement is a minuet, the fourth an *adagio cantabile* in which the first violin takes the lead. (Music must sing, Haydn had learned from Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach.) The fifth movement is another minuet."

Now Tovey might call Haydn "The Inaccessible" but I refuse to believe the scores of Haydn's quartets were, during the fifteen years when (to use his own metaphor) he was exploring the continent of Haydn's music, so inaccessible to Mr. Jacob that he could not check his statement with the score. The most casual inspection would have shown him that the quartet is in B flat, *not* B, major; that the first movement is in embryonic sonata form and has a rudimentary development section—*not* another "movement"—in the middle of it; that the third movement is *not* a minuet but an *adagio*; and that the fifth movement is *not* a minuet but a Presto in two-four time. Had Haydn read this pseudo-analysis he might well have called it a "Machwerk".

Some other mistakes have been corrected as after-thoughts in a list of *errata*, including the assignment of a passage by Beethoven, said to be in E $\flat$ , to its correct key of C minor, and the reversal of the misplaced section of John Jones's double chant. But a printed list of *errata* cannot touch such failures in scholarship as the following one, concerning the quartets Op. 9 of 1769: "He (Haydn) was slowly but surely edging the minuet out of the symphony; he certainly did not want it included in the form in which he spoke most intimately, the string quartet". Now, the quartets of Op. 9 all have minuets, and the quartets in which Haydn substituted scherzi for the usual minuets are those of Op. 33, date 1781. In all his later quartets the minuets are essential elements. His minuets, indeed, must have been very obstinate, for even by 1795, when Haydn composed his last symphonies, the minuets were still there.

Here is another strange statement: "The second movement of a Haydn symphony is always slow". One may mildly ask, what about the symphonies Nos. 11, 15, 21, 22 (The Philosopher), 25, 32, and 49 (La Passione) in which the first movement is slow and the second movement either fast or a minuet?

M. M. S.

*Jean-Joseph Mouret: le musicien des graces.* By Renée Viollier. pp. 236.  
(Paris: Librairie Floury. 1950.)

Henri Ghéon exaggerated when he complained of our forgetfulness of "all the composers between J. S. Bach and Beethoven". But the lesser French composers of the eighteenth century, rehabilitated in France by d'Indy and sometimes accorded undue admiration by a later generation, are hardly more than names in England.

Jean-Joseph Mouret was born at Avignon in 1682, a year before Rameau, and he went to Paris in 1707, where he joined the household of the Duchesse du Maine and played an important part in organizing the festivals of music and dancing which, under the name of *Les Grandes Nuits de Sceaux*, scandalized Saint-Simon by their lavishness. From 1714-18 Mouret was *chef d'orchestre* at the Académie Royale de Musique; he was composer-in-chief to the Italian players whom the Regent recalled to France at the death of Louis XIV; and in 1728 he succeeded Philidor as director of the Concert Spirituel (for which he wrote a work with the improbable title of '*Les Amours de Silène*'). The appearance of Rameau's first opera, '*Hippolyte et Aricie*', in 1733, was a disaster for Mouret. He sided with the partisans of the old school of Lully in the subsequent division of the French musical world into Lullistes and "ramoneurs", lost all his official posts between 1734-7, and first his reason and then his life in the following year, when he died within six months of being sent to Charenton, the French Bedlam.

Mouret is an interesting historical figure because his activity falls in the gap which, for most of us, yawns between the death of Lully in 1687 and the appearance of Rameau in 1733. Renée Viollier, who has written a magnificently complete and well-documented study of the composer, does not try to make a great composer of him; she even, somewhat reluctantly, allows that *petit maître* is a just description of his status in the musical hierarchy. She can quote passages, from what one cannot help feeling were Moret's less typical works, which do indeed seem to foreshadow similar passages in Rameau and Gluck but probably rather echo similar, though to us less familiar passages, in Lully. In any case they have neither the individuality nor the charm of the forty-six vaudevilles printed at the end of Mlle. Viollier's book. Here is "le musicien des graces", whom Voltaire sang, in person. Here, in the words as in the music, is the essence of the Régence.

L' époux d'une fringante brune  
Vient d'obtenir de grands emplois;  
La femme est d'un joli minois,  
C'est assez pour faire fortune.

The historical importance of Mouret's years in the service of the Duchesse du Maine lies in the fact that it was for the scandalous *Nuits de Sceaux* (the Duchess's country court) that new forms of entertainment were devised which very soon began to eclipse in popularity Lully's stiff, heroic opera. These were the *opéra-ballet*, the *opéra pastoral* and the *ballet d'action*. It is too much to speak, as Mlle. Viollier does, as though there had been no adumbration of these forms—even before the end of the seventeenth century and in the works of Lully himself. But the talented troupe collected to beguile Madame du Maine's insomnia certainly developed further, and with greater consciousness, the tentative essays of

Lully and Campra, to make a composite form of opera and ballet in which ballet became increasingly preponderant.

M. C.

*Chopin: the Man and His Music.* By Herbert Weinstock. pp. 357. (New York, Knopf. 1949.)

After 163 pages of biography Chopin's compositions are dealt with individually in the manner of programme annotations. Mr. Weinstock uses a blunt pen and his book is no work of art, but he is usually sound, as far as he goes. While understanding Chopin's relations with George Sand no better than anyone else he is fair towards the lady, saying: "I see no reason for questioning that his love-affair with George Sand played a real part in this deepening and widening of his art [after 1838]." But we pass over the story as quickly as may be, so insufferably hackneyed has it become, while its obscurity has here, once again, served only to betray the insensitiveness of a would-be enlightener. A mercy, indeed, that Chopin can have had no inkling of the martyrdom he was to suffer at the hands of 20th-century biographers!

Mr. Weinstock, apparently unacquainted with Keith Barry's pathological study of Chopin, goes wrong over his medical history. He believes Chopin was suffering from tuberculosis as early as 1831. This is incredible. The symptoms first declared themselves in 1839; and the evidence is that Chopin recovered, only to fall a doomed victim, unhealthy as the regimen of his life was, after an attack of influenza in 1845.

The most suggestive pages are in a chapter on Chopin's form, form being defined (after Kenneth Burke) as "an arousing and fulfilment of desires." "A given composition or movement," Mr Weinstock says, "is successful in so far as it satisfies punctually and without the introduction of irrelevant matter or means the desires and expectations it arouses." He will have many with him in finding injudicious W. H. Hadow's censure of Chopin's sonatas ("His works in sonata-form and in the forms cognate to the sonata are, with no exception, the failures of a genius that has altogether overstepped its bounds."). "Failures" is, indeed, an unhappy word to apply to such music as the F minor Fantaisie, the Scherzo in B $\flat$  minor, the Barcarolle and the Fourth Ballade, and is hardly less inappropriate to the two famous sonatas. But Mr. Weinstock the analyst disappoints us a little with the use he makes of his principle. Coming to the B minor sonata, he finds the first movement "perfectly satisfactory," and passes on. But of that superb first subject, a truly symphonic subject, is it really possible to say that all the expectations it arouses are fulfilled? We find our analyst too easily pleased; feeling, as surely we may, that that subject had implications of a richness of which we are half cheated. Why, it disappears altogether in the recapitulation! Where else in great music, we may ask, is quite such a disappointment? Whether conscious of the reason or not, the listener must feel that Chopin has failed him. The hero disappears and we are not told what is his fate!

R. C.

*Johann Sebastian Bach.* By Hans Engel. pp. 252. (Berlin, Walter de Gruyter & Co. 1950.)

Schweitzer's was the last comprehensive "life and works" study of Bach, and recent research has elicited much of importance to add to its

data and criticism. In any case, the Bach year 1950 was bound to bear such literary children as this one by the professor of musicology at the Philipps-Universität of Marburg. His information about Bach's career is voluminous, tightly packed and tediously inhuman, in the most formal Teutonic professorial manner, though it must be counted a blessing that he writes for the most part in short, clear sentences. But it occupies only eighty-three of these pages, and took me twice as long to read as the rest.

His discussion of the music cannot be whole-heartedly commended. There is something of value in his comparison between Bach's idiom and material and those of his forerunners and contemporaries, and he expounds Bach's expressive technique soberly and illuminatingly, even if he is not the first to misunderstand the implications of Schweitzer's writings on that subject. But his evaluations of the music are obscured by fearsome charts of design and tonality. These, on closer examination, prove to be not only dubiously helpful but also devilishly hard to understand, and not always correct in their assumptions. I mean that the hypotheses are often strangely subjective. The centre-piece of the B minor Mass: is it the Crucifixus, as he claims, or the Credo, as many musicians would suggest, backed by the numerical proportions of the work (it is No. 12 out of twenty-four items), or is it the Sanctus, as evidenced by the absence of any original music after that point? Of the 'St. Matthew Passion' is it the aria "Aus Liebe", as postulated by Engel after Smend, or the chorale "O Haupt voll Blut", Boulton and Emery's suggestion, or the two-bar chorus "Wahrlich", as I have always felt in performance? These matters can only be decided on personal judgement; and the relevant tables can easily be adjusted to fit. Besides, the professor's favoured design is the "bogenform" (arch), and his arches are often gloriously asymmetrical.

He manifests, too, the common German failing of flinging laudatory adjectives about without explanation or qualification—"die herrliche Kantate", "die Corrente dieses unvergleichlichen Werkes", and so on, with "liebenswert", "köstlich" and the rest. It is a lazy form of criticism, and his sentence-constructions are often lazy, too, in their juxtaposition of two unconnected ideas, with only a comma to separate them. To make matters worse, the book teems with printer's errors, in text and musical examples alike. Some can be ignored, but wrong dates and wrongly numbered cantatas may be misleading, not to mention a wrongly named key in a chart of tonalities.

W. S. M.

*Introduction to the Music of Gounod.* By Norman Demuth. pp. 62. *Bizet.*

By Winton Dean. pp. 61. (London: Dobson. 1950. 3s. 6d. each.)

Mr. Dean has made the subject of Bizet his own. This little book of his is a paragon to the masterly "life and works" he contributed a couple of years ago to Eric Blom's 'Master Musicians'. Here again we find him captivated by Bizet's "instinctive" art, the unlabourious genius, the spontaneous combustion of this music, which he values to the point of hardly recognizing what Bizet was not, considerable though that is. He defends the libretto of 'Carmen' through thick and thin, accepting without question, it would seem, the situation in the fourth act where Carmen, though dressed in all her finery for the bull-fight,



stays outside the arena to give José and the authors a convenient opportunity for killing her in the empty street.

Both Mr. Dean and Mr. Demuth are very free in the use of the term "grand opera". Mr. Dean says that Bizet was led astray by Gounod into the unsuitable realm of grand opera; and Mr. Demuth classes 'Roméo et Juliette' as grand opera, which it certainly was not—it was produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique as an opera *de demi-caractère* with spoken dialogue. 'La Reine de Saba' is grand opera, if not very wholeheartedly; but is the term applicable to anything else Gounod composed? It should be used properly. 'La Vestale', 'Les Huguenots' and 'Rienzi' are grand operas; but 'La Forza del Destino' is a melodrama, in Verdi's designation, and 'Otello' a lyrical drama. One must quarrel, too, with Mr. Dean's description of 'Carmen' as a tragedy. Harrowing situations, the downfall of a potentially decent young fellow and murder do not by themselves add up to tragedy. Mr. Dean and Mr. Demuth both choose the same ground on which to defend Escamillo's song and the chorus of the soldiers in 'Faust' against the accusation of vulgarity—the ground, namely, that Escamillo and the soldiers are vulgar. But this is only specious. Mr. Dean puts the case well against his own implied principle when in another connection he says that art "is always a refinement, never an imitation of life". His booklet is eminently well written, and he is to be thanked for calling attention to Bizet's fine song "Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe".

Mr. Demuth undertook a more difficult because a less congenial task. He is a half-hearted advocate who finds it impossible to keep to his brief. So good a musician might have interested us by a professional discussion of the famous and the less famous scores. But for any or no reason he flies off at a tangent and, while there is nothing in his essay to suggest a musician, evidence abounds that he is no historian, and lapses and non-sequiturs abound. Gounod, so we read on the first page, has been completely eclipsed by his contemporaries; "we search in vain for 'Faust' to-day". No very exhaustive search, which does not extend to Sadler's Wells or the gramophone catalogues! Here is a remarkable verdict:

Gounod was too much the symphonist at heart to give his melodic lines any of that particular sweetness which characterizes those of Massenet. The listener can always leave the theatre humming a Massenet melody; those of Gounod pass over his head.

Another: "Many of Saint-Saëns's works might have been written by one of many tenth-rate German composers of the last century." In a discussion of composers and librettos: "The shining example of complete success is Vincent d'Indy, who wrote the texts of his three great operas." Mr. Demuth naturally does not think highly of Gounod's church music, but it is only too typical of his logic and of his lapses that he should say: "He could not get away from the tawdry and garish aspects of the Roman ritual." Another strange pronouncement: "The beauty of Bach lies in his simplicity." Gounod's 'Nazareth' "almost killed the traditional English carol which was in process of revival under the misguided hands of Sir John Stainer and Sir Joseph Barnby". 'The Redemption' was dedicated to Queen Victoria; and Mr. Demuth says, "this spoils it". A tune in that work "reeks of evangelization".

Then a little later: "It is a pity that such a splendid vocal technique should have been allied to such a weak musical technique." This is a maze; nor are we helped out by a pronouncement on Gounod's orchestration: "He never used instruments simply for effect or colour, but he knew how to make them effective within their own scope." Mr. Demuth sums up by saying that Gounod was unfortunate in living when he did. But it was the age of Berlioz and Franck, Schumann and Brahms, Wagner and Verdi! At the end he awards the palm to 'Mireille'.

R. C.

*Grieg.* By John Horton. pp. 109. (London: Duckworth, 1950.) 4s. 6d.

This excellent little book gives the principal facts of the composer's life and work in eight chapters—each covering a convenient period of years—a postscript and a complete list of compositions with their dates. Grieg was born into a cultivated family, and from his earliest days was accustomed to hearing music, classical for the most part, practised in the home. He was sent as a boy of fifteen to study at the Leipzig Conservatory, where Schumann's and Mendelssohn's influence was strong, and later he went to Copenhagen, where the musicians were very much under the same influence. Everything pointed to the youth becoming yet another "watered-down Scandinavian". But at Copenhagen Grieg made an important friendship with the ill-fated Rikard Noordraak, fired by whom he began to seek inspiration in the folklore of his native Norway. Our author shows how thoroughly he became imbued with the spirit of the country, and how it eventually formed his style. He drew inspiration from the great figures in literature, Bjørnson and Ibsen, and still more from the beauty of the Norwegian landscape. We are given a vivid picture of the little man, dogged by bad health and yet strong enough to fight triumphantly in the cause of a national music, after shaking off the deadening influences that have been the undoing of many a Scandinavian musician. No one who has not studied the Norwegian and Danish music of the period can have an idea of Grieg's achievement.

Detailed discussion of all the works is, of course, impossible in so small a book, but the author treats his subject sympathetically, is free from bias, and has managed to include much. He gives a high place to the piano music and to the songs, and makes a good point in remarking how much the songs suffer from the general ignorance of Norwegian and from the banality and inaccuracy of the published translations. In passing, I must comment on his questionable use of "Radiant Night" as a translation of "Lys Nat". The English adjective gives a false impression of the poem and of the night described.

Mr. Horton does not fail to mention the influence Grieg has exerted on other composers, Ravel, Delius and Bax among them. Grieg was physically a small man and his finest achievements are works on a small scale; but this book proves his right to a place in a series entitled "Great Lives".

A. D.

*César Franck.* By Marius Monnikendam. pp. 204. (Amsterdam, Uitgeversmaatschappij "Holland". 1949.)

There would be no special reason to draw the attention of the British public to a Dutch book on Franck, were it not that the author has

thoroughly investigated the genealogical tree of the subject of his monograph—details of which are given in an appendix—and has found that from the fifteenth century onwards the family was of Dutch-Flemish-speaking stock and neither French (Walloon) nor German, as other biographers in Germany, France and Belgium have maintained. Against this background the author explains certain characteristics of Franck's music which would be inexplicable in either a French or a purely German heritage.

The author has immersed himself in the spirit of his chosen composer, and is consumed by an admiration which leads him to over-statement. The terms of his praise could be characterized by the German word "überschwänglich". It is natural to see Franck against the background of his deep devotion, but one would hesitate to go as far as to assert that: "The consciousness of Eternity gives to Franck's music the same golden background upon which Fra Angelico painted his angels; the same blue distances that shed their colour over each line of Dante's Paradiso; the same cruciform basis upon which the creators of the Gothic style built their cathedrals; the same lighting as the medieval glass-stainers wished for their cathedrals: the daylight created by God himself" (pp. 51-52). This angle of vision fits in with the strictly Roman Catholic approach of this book. Franck's music is called "Invocations of the Holy Ghost" (p. 55), and on p. 56 we find: "We cannot be surprised that already during his life-time people were inclined to beatify him, connecting his name with the other *maître angélique*"; and on p. 118: "... the ecstatic exultation of pure Catholic faith," and on p. 150, in connection with the 'Trois Chorals': "The mystic thread that makes them so eminently suited to the Catholic divine service . . ."

One wonders whether the growing tendency among those who assess the value of artistic works to do so according to this or that religious confession may not be due to a subconscious influence of the Communist attitude which condemned Shostakovitch on account of the dogmatic unsoundness of his music. Whether or no, this seems a pity since, to a certain extent, the attitude makes it more difficult for those who do not share such faith or convictions to appreciate the many excellent points of this book. There are interesting melodic and harmonic analytical notes, and especially a clear exposition of the connection between the development of organ building in the latter half of the nineteenth century—notably Cavallé-Coll's—and Franck's compositions, all of which is a help to a better understanding. There is no bibliography or index, but a list of gramophone recordings of Franck's works is useful.

One would have liked more details about Franck's musician brother Joseph, so intimately linked with the composer in their days as infant prodigies—an interesting relationship which recalls Mozart-Nannerl, Joseph and Michael Haydn, and Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny. It would be interesting to know what became of him. Little is to be said about the vicissitudes and external happenings in Franck's later life; but a more penetrating description of the youth of the two musical children under the iron rule of their domineering and greedy father might have shed some light on the astonishing inner development of the elder, to which we owe—even if we do not altogether accept Monnikendam's sweeping statements—some of the most remarkable music the

nineteenth century has given us, and a teacher who won from his pupils such devotion as can only be inspired by a great and noble soul.

A. A. B.

*El compositor Iriarte (1750-1791) y el cultivo español del melólogo (melodrama).*  
By José Subirá. Vol. I. pp. 254. (Instituto Español de Musicología, Barcelona, 1949.)

This is the fourth volume of the *Monografías*, and it is dedicated to a study of the *melólogo* in eighteenth-century Spain rather than to Iriarte. Practically nothing is, in point of fact, known about Iriarte the musician, though Iriarte the poet is well documented and still lives as a household name—chiefly owing to his delightful fables—among the cultivated in all Spanish-speaking countries.

Subirá has set himself the task of unearthing and tabulating all the *melólogos* ever produced in Spain, including translations of such works as Rousseau's 'Pygmalion' and Benda's 'Ariadne auf Naxos'. These, in fact, are his starting-point, for the form created by Rousseau in his unsuccessful monodrama is roughly what Subirá means by *melólogo*, though, for that matter, any play with incidental music would seem to fit the bill equally well. The author makes the whole of his first chapter into a wordy apologia for his use of the word *melólogo*: a word seemingly not yet sanctioned by the slow-moving Academia. In the end Fétis's definition is accepted as final: "Theatrical form invented by Rousseau, in which the orchestra sustains a dialogue with the words of the actor on the stage to express, through music, the sentiments which move him." But what about background music to speech and occasional songs and choruses? It would seem that the word *melólogo* still remains rather vague and certainly most elastic. Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' is said to be a *melólogo*. So are 'Egmont', 'Rosamunde', 'Manfred', 'L'Arlésienne', 'Peer Gynt' and so on.

The second part of the volume quotes everything that has come to light concerning Iriarte's musical personality; but is one any the wiser, having read it? From his famous poem 'La Música' one has gathered that his knowledge was considerable; and that is about as far as facts will take us. In the third part the author begins his somewhat wearisome alphabetical study of Spanish *melólogos* and reaches 'Hannibal' before the volume closes. For those whose interest lies in this direction the work will remain the standard reference book on the subject. N. F.

*Piano Interpretation.* By Donald N. Ferguson. pp. 348. (London, Williams & Norgate. 1950.) 15s.

This is the first edition published in England of a book that originally appeared in the United States in 1947. The writer deals with six composers, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms and Debussy. Taking a liberal selection of the piano music of each, he first comments on each work as a musician and then, as piano teacher, tells us how it should be played. At the beginning of the volume are sensible and useful chapters on "The piano and its possibilities" and on sonata-form.

Mr. Ferguson's writing is lively and good-natured, and he makes his

judgments with an engaging absence of pontification. Discussing, for instance, the first movement of Beethoven's Op. 10, No. 3, he points out that there are two possible ways of playing the first four notes of the second subject and, after quoting various authorities, concludes: "We vote emphatically for the long appoggiatura." Whether one agrees or not, one cannot quarrel with a man who puts it like that. In point of fact, I found myself agreeing with most of Mr. Ferguson's judgments—and inevitably there are a great many of them. Some of his phrases, indeed, are singularly apt. "Athematic eloquence" may have a slightly transatlantic flavour, but it is just right for the arpeggio section in the coda of the "Appassionata's" first movement. For the second section of Schumann's seventh 'Papillon' he has an illuminating simile: "The implied motion is like that of skating, with every 'one' the propulsion of a new, gliding stroke." "Ghastly" is an unexpected epithet for the finale of Chopin's B $\flat$  minor sonata, but for that very reason it kindles the imagination; one reflects, one becomes at least interested in the new point of view. I should have liked to learn the piano from Mr. Ferguson. But he would have puzzled me at times. I don't know what "motility" is (p. 238); "kinetic protest" seems a tiresome phrase to use for the A $\flat$  minor outburst of energy towards the end of the exposition in the first movement of the "Appassionata"; and "gentility" is an astonishing word to apply to Schubert. Perhaps these things are easier for the Americans whom the author is addressing; perhaps to them "gentility" means "gentleness".

The choice of works for discussion is determined largely by their suitability to the limited capacities of amateurs. But the author is not very consistent. Beethoven's last four sonatas are quite reasonably excluded, but not Op. 57. Brahms's Op. 76, No. 8, is passed over on account of its difficulty, but not the E $\flat$  Rhapsody, not the Handel Variations, not the F minor sonata—nor sonatas by Chopin and Schumann, nor even Schumann's *Fantasie in C*—all of which are accorded liberal space. Again, however, Mr. Ferguson is disarming. He admits the inconsistency, but he likes these things, he wants his amateurs, too, to like them. "This is much too difficult", he seems to say, "but—have a go!"

But though he is an attractive writer, Mr. Ferguson is not a very careful one. There are too many slips. It is careless to write in one sentence that Beethoven's Op. 10, Nos. 1 and 2, "yield . . . many interesting traits of budding humour", and in the next, "the first, in C minor, has little of this quality". It is careless to say of the middle section of Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1, "For twenty-four bars the chords, with but one exception, have their roots in the bass"—when in fact there are five exceptions. If he indicates a passage by counting bars from the beginning of the piece an author should make sure he counts right; Mr. Ferguson is liable to count wrong.

A more serious blemish remains to be mentioned. Concerning Debussy's 'Clair de Lune' we read: "Beginning, you must take an elastic spring from the eighth rest and reach the two eighth notes in one easy stride." This Germanic terminology, which is employed throughout the volume, is perfectly familiar in America. But not one English amateur in fifty knows that an "eighth note" is what we call a quaver—



and similarly with other time-values. That a publisher aiming at the English market should not take the trouble to make the trifling alterations necessary strikes me as simply slovenly.

P. L.

*The Major Scale Simply Explained.* By E. J. Creedy. pp. 72. (London, Oxford University Press. 1950.) 4s.

This is a handy little book intended to explain to the music student one of the bases of his craft. In selecting the major scale for special treatment the author opines that it "is sanctioned by natural laws in a way in which no other scale series is sanctioned"—a statement which some will think over-zealous. The major (along with the minor) scale was a survival of the fittest from the ecclesiastical modes for artistic and historical rather than for scientific reasons. One is, in fact, inclined to ask the author why Nature revealed other scales to the Arabs and Indians as perfect—and why she insists on a seven-note scale, anyhow. Be this as it may, the book contains what every student must know, clearly set out for him, in a rather limited field. In most text-books of harmony the subject-matter of this booklet would be covered in a couple of chapters.

E. G. R.

*Tonarten und Stimmungen der antiken Musik.* By Otto Johannes Gombosi. (Ejnar Munksgaard, Copenhagen. 1939.)

It is always fun to blow a universally accepted system to pieces, as Gombosi does the textbook version of Greek theory in musical history. The modern conception of ancient tonality and the system of modes as, also, of Greek notation, he proves by overwhelming evidence to have been founded on misunderstandings. Greek notation, according to Gombosi, does not indicate notes, but strings and fingerings of the most important instrument, the kithara, which—another result of Gombosi's research—was not only used with its open strings, as generally assumed hitherto, but with the fingers of the right hand applied for increasing the tension of the strings in order to change their pitch, as is done on the Japanese koto.

The least stimulating chapter, unfortunately, is the one dealing with actual music and the scanty existing remains; and the author's reading, on pp. 135, of a fragment using the enigmatic chromatic system looks entirely unconvincing. Ploughing through Gombosi's learned and acute analysis of all existing ancient sources, one gets the hopeless feeling of exploring a strange planet without the trace of possible former life. Theory will never solve any question. With profound respect for the author's scholarship and thoroughness, I cannot escape a discouraging consideration: if a theorist today, with music alive as a practical fact, should try to co-ordinate such contradictory theories as Sechter's, Riemann's and Schenker's he would have a fair chance of landing in a beautiful muddle. Not that this would matter in the least.

H. G.

*The Literature of the Piano.* By Ernest Hutcheson. pp. 409. (London, Hutchinson. 1950. 12s. 6d.) *The Amateur Pianist's Companion.* By James Ching. pp. 114. (Oxford, Hall. 1950. 8s. 6d.) *Keys to the Keyboard.* By Andor Foldes. Introductory letter from Sir Malcolm

Sargent. pp. 65. (London, Oxford University Press. 1950. 5s.)  
*Music's Handmaid*. By Harriet Cohen. New Edition. pp. 173.  
 (London, Faber. 1950. 10s. 6d.)

A largish book entitled 'The Literature of the Piano' arouses expectations of a scholarly history; but Mr. Hutcheson, an Australian born and American by naturalization, has not spent his 79 years shut away in a library, but rather among practical musicians, on the concert platform and in the teaching studio. Now, in the twilight of his professional career as pianist, teacher and composer, he is anxious that others should benefit from his knowledge of what to play and how to play it. To that end he offers a short history of the pianoforte, graded lists of pieces by the most important composers for the keyboard, analytical notes or suggestions for interpretation for the most familiar of these pieces, personal evaluations of both the men and their music, anecdotes to make his text more friendly and—not least valuable—advice about the best editions to use.

In so far as all this can be achieved within 409 pages Mr. Hutcheson has done his job imaginatively and well, lavishing particular love and care on Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. But Haydn is skimmed; he is plainly not in full sympathy with Brahms; and Debussy is accorded less than the attention due to a composer who revolutionized keyboard technique. His treatment of more recent composers frequently amounts to little more than a catalogue of names and such jejune comments as (of the Colombian Guillermo Uribe-Holguin): "Concerto and hundreds of piano pieces, few of them published". In this section of the book small inaccuracies become more frequent. Egon Wellesz is given Hungarian and Sir Arnold Bax Irish blood; and though Strauss, Grovlez, Lord Berners, Benjamin Dale and Arthur Hinton may have been alive when this book was compiled they are unhappily with us no more.

Mr. Hutcheson would, on the whole, have been wiser to cast his net rather less wide and more deep. Many composers who have made no substantial contribution to keyboard literature could have been omitted, as also those chamber and orchestral works inviting the pianist's cooperation, which are dragged in, without adequate treatment, for the sake of a nominal completeness. This would have allowed of space for more discerning comments on such a treasure trove as Brahms's later Intermezzi and other small pieces, to cite but one instance of neglect. The room given to personal likes and dislikes on the one hand (e.g., Beethoven's F# major sonata) and, on the other, to descriptive "programmes" of doubtful value or authenticity (e.g., on Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance', Debussy's 'Poissons d'Or' and Chopin's "Mickiewicz" ballades) might profitably have been used for fuller critical analyses of those works. Is anyone the better able to interpret Liszt for learning that one of Mr. Hutcheson's lady friends—one of "unimpeachable respectability"—would willingly have surrendered to the master, had he ever made advances to her?

"The purpose of this book", writes the author of 'The Amateur Pianist's Companion' in his foreword, "is to help the amateur pianist to make as much progress and get as much pleasure out of his playing as he possible can—and a great deal more than he usually does". As the principal of a school of piano playing, Mr. Ching has had the opportunity

to devise a "method"; and this he expounds (with the help of many charts and photographs) with a logical thoroughness and regard for detail more suggestive of German than English scholarship. So thorough is he that, before approaching the keyboard at all, the amateur is first advised, in four psychological chapters, to analyse his motives for wishing to play. Only when convinced in his own mind that he is not doing it merely to annoy his wife or to out-shine the man next door, and that he suffers from no guilt-complex in seeking the emotional release offered by piano playing, and when he can repeat aloud Mr. Ching's four reasons why piano playing is "a desirable and valuable activity" and embrace them as his own ("I believe, then, first in the existence of a biological instinct for the fullest possible development of total personality", etc.)—only then is he to consider himself ready to transfer his attention to the practical business of learning how it is done.

From this point onwards the amateur may begin to wonder whether, after all, golf might not afford a simpler form of emotional outlet and pleasure. First qualms are probable when he finds he must distinguish between four types of figuration—tabulated by Mr. Ching—in the music he intends to learn, and then that, observing the seven correct Standard Postures ("the body should be inclined slightly forwards", etc.), he must select whichever of the variable postures (high wrist and straight fingers, level wrist and curved fingers, or low wrist and curved fingers) Mr. Ching considers most suitable for each of the four kinds of figuration. Next comes the important choice between four principal movements for the depression of the key, as also between four auxiliary movements which, though not sound-producing in themselves, enable the principal movement to be made; and finally the exertion of further muscular energy to prevent a reactionary movement after the note has sounded (like falling down after kicking a football on ice). Here the reader discovers that responsibility in this process of sound-production really rests with his joints of movement, joints of transmission and joints of stabilization, to be found at the finger, the knuckle, the wrist, the radio-ulnar, the elbow, the shoulder and the hip, all of which he must control in five degrees of tension (exercises being provided for achieving this). Thus in the first two bars of the first subject of Beethoven's 'Sonate pathétique', in the right hand tension must simultaneously be slight at the finger, knuckle, wrist and radio-ulnar, moderate at the elbow and shoulder and at minimum at the hip, while in the left hand it is slight at finger, knuckle and wrist, moderate at radio-ulnar and at minimum at elbow, shoulder and hip.

Provided that the reader can accept Mr. Ching's rigid premises about postures, basic and variable—which not every pianist will be able to do, because of the different shapes and sizes of the human hand and figure—there is much good sense to be found in these 114 pages, which the professional pianist, if not the amateur, will begin to perceive after several re-readings of the text. It is, nevertheless, impossible to escape the suspicion that Mr. Ching makes heavy weather over many common-sense motions that any normal child would accomplish by the light of nature—and all the better for not being self-conscious about them. He maintains that his technical processes free the mind from anxiety, so that "interpretative powers will develop and be released for practical

expression". The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Can Mr. Ching, laying hand on heart, assure us that his method has never tended to make the student think more about his joints of transmission than of the music?

Andor Foldes's little book, though by no means so scientific, is more likely to increase the amateur's enjoyment in piano playing. The author does not underrate the importance of acquiring a good technique and, indeed, offers exercises—albeit, too sketchy for the earnest student—as well as advice. But it is clear that he considers all-round musicianship equally much of an asset; and his observations on ear-training, sight-reading, the study of theory, taking part in chamber music, listening to other people's performances and applying the same critical attention to one's own, concentration and variety in practice, keeping up old as well as learning new pieces, understanding as the key to memory and humility in interpretation are really worth repeating aloud and taking to heart. Both this book and Mr. Ching's include useful suggestions for one's repertory.

Miss Cohen has revised and enlarged her 'Music's Handmaid', first published in 1936. This pianist's manual is still farther removed in spirit from Mr. Ching's, for the author never wearies of emphasizing that "too insistent a pre-occupation with externals, such as notes and fingers, may even hinder one's understanding of music", and that, provided the player's mental conception of how the music should sound be strong enough, the secret of success lies in "the contemplative or rather penetrative power of the mind to discipline the physical equipment". The only technical problem she selects for detailed discussion is the all-important one of tone-production, though even here, by suggesting quite different methods of depressing the keys for Chopin's cantabile and Debussy's "le plus doux du monde", for instance, she never loses sight of music. For the rest, it is the importance of an intelligent general cultural background that she stresses by way of preface to her "lessons" on individual pieces by various composers. "I feel it is impossible", she writes, "to understand one art without some knowledge of all the arts". And, indeed, her general observations on the Spanish temperament and its artistic expression, to give one example, would make it difficult for any pianist to play Falla's 'Miller's Dance' without a sense of style. The value of the book may, in fact, be said to lie in its recognition of the value of style. It is a pity that when adding lessons on Chopin, Debussy and Bartók Miss Cohen could not find space also for Beethoven, Schumann and Liszt in this new edition. Her championship of the Elizabethans deserves all praise, as also her eloquent plea, in two fanciful introductory chapters, for the contemporary composer. J. O. C.

*Octave Maus et la vie musicale belge (1875-1914)*. By Albert Vander Linden. pp. 156. (Brussels, Palais des Académies. 1950.)

Octave Maus (1856-1919), a barrister by profession, was a great lover of the arts. He was early a Wagnerian, and at the age of twenty went to the first Bayreuth Festival. In 1881 he helped to found 'L'Art moderne', a weekly review which for thirty-three years was "the platform and the mirror of the artistic life of Belgium and even of the outside world." In 1884 he was elected secretary of the artistic circle called

'Les XX' (later 'La Libre Esthétique'), which was to introduce most of the French composers from Franck to Milhaud to Brussels. Charles van den Borren has said: "Marking time and everlastingly regretting the dead past Maus held to be an attitude unworthy of a true artist. On principle he encouraged all the essays of the young, however strange and sometimes extravagant they may at first have seemed. His view was that art was in a state of constant revolution and that none of the new manifestations should be summarily dismissed—on one condition, namely, that they were not the expression of a preconceived dogma." Painters, poets and musicians alike were his beneficiaries. D'Indy dedicated to him his clarinet trio, Magnard his quintet, Roussel his 'Evocations', Bréville and Chausson some songs and Jongen his second violin sonata.

The present volume cannot be described as of general interest, but it will attract the fanciers of the period. There are a number of letters addressed to Maus by French composers, principally d'Indy, but these are generally businesslike, dealing with programmes and the arranging of concerts. Now and again we are amused. A singer, Dyna Beumer, runs down Franck's song, 'La Procession': "It is a bore—there are too many parsons in that contraption!" D'Indy, for his part, described this lady as "un peu vinaigrette." Another section consists of old newspaper notices of Maus's concerts. There were ardent Franckists at Brussels in 1891. After the first performance of the string quartet the critic of the 'Impartial Bruxellois' wrote: "Franck attains to Beethoven's sublimity, if, indeed, he does not surpass it. Franck is destined to live as long as the art of music." But not all were so overcome. Someone compares Franck with Cherubini: "His works will always be admired without always being loved. We feel a master's hand rather than that of a man of genius." In 1894, at the first performance of Debussy's quartet, 'La Réforme' found the composer haunted by Wagner and much indebted to Borodin. In those innocent days French music still, for many, meant Boieldieu, Hérold and Auber; and exclaiming at the absence even of Gounod, Massenet and Saint-Saëns from these programmes the 'Fédération Artistique' reproached d'Indy, Fauré and Castillon with being French only in name. Ten years later the Brussels critics, having by then heard much, were changed men, and several had become keen d'Indists, Debussists and Ravelians. We can guess what was Maus's satisfaction.

R. C.

*Modern British Composers.* By Marius Flothuis. pp. 60. *Tchaikovsky.* By Dr. E. W. Schallenberg. pp. 60. (Symphonia Books. Sidgwick and Jackson, London, 1950. 7s. 6d. each.)

This series of short books on music has been translated from the Dutch and republished under the auspices of the Continental Book Company of Stockholm. It is difficult to see why. Though printed (in Holland) on paper of prosperous aspect with a liberal supply of photographs and music quotations in large type, they fill no obvious gap, being chatty general introductions of the sort that proliferates itself in every country. The translations are poor; peculiarities and misprints abound; and the proofs—of one volume at least—have evidently not been seen by anyone acquainted with either music or English.



The book on modern British composers was undoubtedly a useful introduction for Dutch readers; to us its chief interest lies in the chance of seeing ourselves as others see us. The initial chapters on nationalism and the English musical past, despite omissions and superficialities, are commendably fair. The unmusical Englishman is dismissed as a myth, and the author is chary of over-simplification. But his statement that Elgar "is the beginning of the English musical renaissance" will annoy the champions of Parry, who is denied a mention. The rest of the book consists of notes on individual composers grouped in four post-Elgar "generations". There are some strange judgments here. Ireland "is a temperamental musician and cares little for problems of style or musical syntax". Bridge became "a stronger and more versatile Delius". Goossens is rated surprisingly high, apparently because he "has consciously left insular romanticism behind". Delius and Vaughan Williams, of whom the author seems to know nothing later than the Pastoral Symphony, are pretty coolly dismissed. Nor is Walton, whose string quartet is misdated, allowed his fair share of room. Pride of place goes to Britten, Berkeley, Rawsthorne and Tippett. The treatment of Britten is odd. At the outset he is denied genius; yet the author, in illustrating Britten's dramatic power and his conclusive demonstration of "the falsity of the slogans of thirty years ago, according to which the traditional harmonic media has no future", seems to be fighting against his own judgment. He endeavours to right the balance by pillorying certain works, such as the *Michelangelo* and *Donne sonnets*, 'The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra' and the 'Soirées musicales', for frivolous and, partly, it would seem, ideological reasons. He regards 'The Rape of Lucretia', despite extraneous elements in the libretto, as Britten's most convincing work. Berkeley, Rawsthorne and Tippett are all highly praised, notably for the seriousness of their aims. The author has a high opinion of modern British orchestration, and considers that the predilection of our composers for variation form is connected with the national love of games, into which, he notes, "the Englishman puts his heart". Should he not now give us a monograph on the submerged sporting propensities of the Viennese school?

There is a nine-page appendix in which thirty-five other composers are awarded a paragraph each. Gurney and Rubbra are somewhat painfully damned with faint praise. Warlock receives three minute sentences, one devoted to his pseudonym, another to his place of education. "Lord Berners", we are told, "is the name under which Gerald Tyrwhitt-Wilson published many of his compositions"—a remark that would surely have amused its noble subject. It is curious to learn that authorities in this country differ on the date of birth of three living English composers.

The Tchaikovsky volume suffers more seriously from the defects of translation; not only grammar but sometimes meaning falls by the wayside. Dr. Schallenberg, so far as he can be understood, tells the story of Tchaikovsky's life in a fairly straightforward manner, letting fall a few comments on each work as he reaches it. These are sometimes perceptive, notably on the operas; but there is too much rhapsodizing about the symphonies and scarcely a word on the ballet music, and no attempt to assess Tchaikovsky's style or development. Dr. Schallenberg

cannot always resist the gush that afflicts so many authors who write about this composer. On the first page we read how the spell of Schneevoigt's baton converted the Sixth Symphony into "a very act of penance for the sins of this life". Soon comes the inevitable peroration on "the beat of the Slavonic heart". Eventually—this again of the Sixth Symphony, whose finale somehow reminds Dr. Schallenberg of Handel—"the listener is filled with compassion for the artist's soul which has undergone such immense suffering, a soul at the same time superhuman and yet all too human!"

The English reader may be puzzled by the curriculum of the St. Petersburg Law School—"half gymnasium and half university, it was at the same time a sort of conservatoire"—and by the reference to the Romance for piano in F as "remarkable for the treatment of the counterparts". He may not recognize Bortunjansky (Bortniansky), Iseroff (Serov), Katschatouran and Glasoenoff, and will almost certainly be defeated by the operas 'Tscherevitschky' and 'Tsharodekia'. Tchaikovsky's Op. 76, generally known in English as 'The Storm', is called 'Thunder', while Op. 18, is "'The Storm', after Shakespeare's 'The Tempest'." The third symphony and the violin concerto appear in D $\sharp$ , the second string quartet in F $\sharp$ , the finale of the fifth symphony in E $\sharp$ . In orchestrating Mozart's 'Ave Verum' Tchaikovsky "changed the key from D $\sharp$  into the much harsher B $\flat$  minor", using "an adaptation for piano in H $\flat$  by Liszt". This is all rather hard on Dr. Schallenberg.

W. D.

*A Career in Music.* Edited with an Introduction by Robert Elkin. pp. 256. (William Earl & Co. Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

At a time when the Brains Trust was a favourite weekly feature of B.B.C. programmes an Australian, who was a keen listener but had no liking for music, gave it as his considered opinion that the musicians were easily among the best speakers because, he said, they always gave real well-considered answers to the questions and never burked the difficulties. Much the same thing could be said of the dozen essays by a team of eminent musicians and business men which have been gathered into this book. The musicians are every whit as thoughtful, well-informed, well-balanced and practical as those concerned with the music industry; and conversely the music-industry men have something of the imaginative quality of the artists in their views. The object of the book is to provide facts, data and advice for young people who are wondering whether or not to enter the musical profession or the music industry. The solo singer, the solo instrumentalist, the composer, organization and administration, the conductor, musical instrument manufacture, the accompanist, the music dealer, the orchestral player, music publishing, the organist and choirmaster, and the music teacher are all dealt with. Each writer is a specialist in his own job, as their names declare—George Baker, Harriet Cohen, Norman Demuth, John Denison, Julius Harrison, S. A. Hurren, Gerald Moore, James Rushworth, Thomas Russell, Kennimore W. Straker, Stainton de B. Taylor and J. Raymond Tobin.

In former years professionals had to gain this sort of knowledge for themselves by a process of trial and error. In so doing they often wasted valuable years or let slip opportunities because they did not know how to

seize them. Not so now: this book does its best to set wise heads on young shoulders. Nor are young readers the only ones who can learn from it. Considerable knowledge of an unusual kind can be picked up here. For example there is the rapid survey of the history of church, organists, their position in cathedrals and their varying designations including the surprising information that in five cathedrals the organists do not officially exist. Explanation: they are listed as Vicars-Choral. Again, a fascinating glimpse is given by Mr. Hurren of the little world of musical instrument manufacture, where something of the love of the great makers of the past for their craft still seems to glow. On the aesthetic side of the book idealism and fine realism go side by side. Gerald Moore in his article interprets his brief in the widest terms; his exposition of what an accompanist should be is a masterly little essay on musicianship itself, the earnestness delicately lightened with humour. But diverse as their topics are, all the writers converge, with a unanimity as impressive as it is unpremeditated, upon the importance of character. This is exactly what Sir Hubert Parry always tried to teach his students at the Royal College of Music.

M. M. S.

*Sacred Music.* By Alec Robertson. pp. 72. (Max Parrish, London. 1950. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Robertson spends the first two of his sixty-odd pages in explaining that, notwithstanding the title of his book, he has concentrated upon *liturgical* music, and it soon appears that his chief interest is the music of the Roman liturgy. Accordingly, the best part of the book is the first four chapters, which deal with the rise of plainsong, organum and polyphony. Mr. Robertson achieves the considerable feat of writing both lucidly and readably on a subject as unfamiliar as it is obscure. The various art-forms, *conductus*, *rota*, and the rest, are differentiated as sharply as the average music-lover distinguishes a nocturne from a mazurka; and a dozen of the most important composers are sympathetically characterized.

When he turns to the composers of the Reformed Churches Mr. Robertson becomes controversial and inaccurate. We read, for instance, that in Bach's church music "there is no musical expression of the central doctrines of the ancient faith"—a statement which is either untrue or compressed beyond intelligibility. Chapter VI, on Anglican music, is vitiated by numerous minor errors. The Benedictus and Agnus Dei were dropped from the Holy Communion in 1552, not "in the time of Elizabeth"; and the Gloria has never been dropped at all. Tallis wrote his Litany for five voices, not four. Morley did not say that Byrd was "never to be named without reverence", but "never without reverence to be named of the musicians". Too much is made of Byrd's choice of Latin texts; and it is difficult to see how Elizabeth could have interfered with the publication of the first book of Gradualia, published in 1605. To say that Merbecke's work bears no resemblance to plainsong is to contradict such authorities as R. R. Terry and J. H. Arnold. (Incidentally, it was called *The Booke of Common Praier Noted*, not "Boke".)

The chapters on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are sound enough, though the dismissal of Mendelssohn with the single word

"saccharine" seems over-facile. It is noticeable in the later periods that the works singled out for commendation are those which reproduce the atmosphere or employ the idiom of the polyphonic masters. This is already apparent in the judgment on Purcell's anthems, and is hinted at in the comment on Gibbons! Is the inference to be drawn that if a composer's work is to be suitable for the Roman Liturgy he must deliberately write in a sixteenth-century style? This is perhaps putting it too strongly, but it does seem that all church music, though not all sacred music, demands a greater suppression of the personal element than modern composers are willing to concede. Further, contemporary harmonic procedures are uncongenial to choral singing. Until these two limiting factors disappear church music is not likely to recover from the decline noted by Mr. Robertson on his first page. In the meantime, this fresh, though one-sided, little book makes an easy introduction to the treasures of the past. The illustrations add greatly to the reader's enjoyment (notice especially the remarkable series of organs).

G. J. C.

*Military Music.* By Henry G. Farmer. pp. 72. (London: Max Parrish. 1950.) 7s. 6d.

The author of this comprehensive essay on a little-explored theme is already known as an authority on Arabic and Scottish music. The only serious omission that leaps to the ordinary reader's eye is the music of the bagpipes. That same reader, to whom the majority of Dr. Farmer's facts will be new, may find himself chiefly surprised by two of them: the influence of the East upon European military music and the exceedingly long time that elapsed before national armies gave their bands official recognition. Although military bands have long been handicapped by the poverty of the repertory belonging to them by any other right except borrowing, the perfecting of wind instruments has been promoted by the existence and the demands of these, the only bands in which the strings have never had a place. (But it is all the same a tactical mistake to disparage the strings, as Dr. Farmer does on one occasion; they have the big batallions of music on their side.) Is it still possible to speak of military-band music as "the music of the people", the title of the last chapter of this essay? Would that it were! But that role, once occupied by "folk" song and perhaps for half a century before 1914 by the military band, has now been unequivocally taken by American negro music. In fact the future of military, as distinct from brass band, music is surely precarious, modern wars providing the very minimum of opportunity for splendid parades, and recruiting depending on birth certificates and calling-up papers rather than appeals to military glamour. The illustrations, as in all the books of this series, are excellent.

M. C.

*Handbooks of European National Dances.* Edited by Violet Alford. Volumes 9-12. Denmark; Hungary; Spain I; France I. (London, Max Parrish & Co. 1950.) 3s. 6d. each.

Four new volumettes have come out in a series of which one might, before reading them, have been tempted to ask what purpose such tiny

handbooks could possibly serve. The question, however, becomes impertinent from the moment one sees Violet Alford's name as general editor of the series, for it is a guarantee of genuine and thorough work. Indeed, each volume, tiny though it is, contains a surprising number of just the facts one wants to know. Each, for instance, has a bibliography, a regional map, four dances, with the basic steps and patterns notated and described by the technical editors, Muriel Webster and Kathleen Tuck, and the music belonging to each; a list of the occasion and seasons when the dances may be seen, and of the folk-dance, folk-music and folklore centres in the country under consideration. All are written by experts, and contain an unexpected amount of out-of-the-way information, historic and otherwise, which only an expert could provide. They are all written by natives or quasi-natives of each country.

'Hungary' is by Dr. George Buday, till recently director of the Hungarian Cultural Institute in London; 'Denmark' by Mr. Jeppsen and Mr. Lorenzen, the former the Chairman of the Danish Folk-Dancing Association, the latter a well-known folklorist; 'France' by Claudie Marcel-Dubois and Marie Marguerite Andral, both on the music staff of the Musée de L'Homme in Paris; and 'Spain' by Lucile Armstrong, who has spent a great part of her life travelling in Spain and Portugal in search of dances, and is herself an expert dancer. The colour illustrations are all reproduced, I gather, from original paintings by the author of each volume. They are authentic in dress-design and, as near as may be, in colour. Naturally they lose a good deal in such greatly reduced reproductions. I have seen Mrs. Armstrong's original paintings; they are faithful in every detail and really magnificent. An exhibition of the original illustrations of all these volumes would be attractive.

Only the first of the volumes on Spain and France are here, the 'Spain' dealing with the south, centre and north-west, and the 'France' with Brittany and Bourbonnais. There is a characteristic editorial note in each volume, warning the reader against assuming that the dresses of one region "will do" for the dances of another. These gay and inexpensive miniature volumes, are not superficial, because they recognize the limitations within which they are designed. No folk-dancer need be too grand to enjoy them.

B. de Z.

*Catalogue général des antiquités égyptiennes du Musée du Caire.* (Nos. 69201-69852. Instruments de musique.) By Hans Hickmann. pp. iv.216. pl. 116. (Imprimerie de l'Institut Français, Cairo. 1949.)

This beautifully printed folio is by far the most notable catalogue of Egyptian instruments hitherto published. Its elaborate, scholarly detail makes it indispensable for students of Egyptian music, for it fills a gap by providing a factual complement to much theorizing on the scope and nature of Egyptian music. It can profitably be used in connection with such works as Sachs's 'Rise of Music in the Ancient World' or Hickmann's own article on Egyptian music in *Lieferung I* of 'Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart'. From the excellent plates it is obvious that many of the instruments, especially some of the trumpets and some clappers in the shape of human hands, are distinguished by great beauty of line and decoration, and must assuredly rank high among the less



grandiose masterpieces of Egyptian art. There are also many well-executed drawings, made to scale, in the text.

As to the actual number of instruments described, the numerical sequence specified on the title-page is rather misleading, because instead of being over 600 it amounts in fact to barely 300. There are considerable gaps in the sequence, some of which, however, are filled by items from other numerical series in the general catalogue of the Cairo museum. Hickmann divides his material into the four main groups now generally accepted as the basis of organological classification: (1) idiophones (clappers, rattles, bells); (2) membranophones (drums); (3) aerophones (buzzers, trumpets, woodwind); (4) cordophones [sic]<sup>1</sup> (lyres, harps). Of these classes 1 and 3 contain over three-quarters of the total of instruments described. In each group the instruments are divided into sections, and at the head of each section the name is given in French, English, German, Arabic and hieroglyphic. For each item particulars are given in the following order: general description, including full hieroglyphic inscription if it occurs; measurements in centimetres; provenance; date; bibliography. For wind instruments both the exact spacing of the holes and their diameters are given. Of this admirable scheme one criticism may be ventured. Many of the dates are indicated only in terms of Egyptian dynasties VI, XVIII, XXVI, or "Nouvel empire" as the case may be. The addition of an approximate date in terms of centuries B.C. would have been of great help to the user of the book who is unversed in Egyptology.

The typography makes the book a pleasure to the eye, and the standard of accuracy in the printing, particularly of the Arabic, is very high. But in the few places where Greek is used there creeps in that slight element of uncertainty characteristic of French printing—accents, vowels and breathings behave uncertainly. On p. 164 a harp is described as "apparentée au τριγώνον des grecs", which can only mean "thrice-born", instead of the intended τριγώνον (literally "three-sided").

A. H. K.

<sup>1</sup>For the title of the last group the spelling, though current in books on instruments, is purely based on the hybrid etymology of the Latin corda. Derived from χορδή, the compound should surely produce 'chordophone.' Or are we to start writing 'Crístians' and 'caos'?

## REVIEWS OF MUSIC

*Heinrich Isaac's Choralis Constantinus Book III.* Transcribed from the Formschneider First Edition (Nuremberg, 1555) by Louise Cuyler. pp. 456. (University of Michigan Press. 1950.)

Heinrich or Hendryk Isaac was perhaps the greatest contemporary of Josquin des Prés. Like Josquin, he travelled from his own country to live and work in Italy; his music was published there, his wife came from Florence, and it was to Northern Italy that he retired a few years before his death in 1517. Isaac's reputation as a composer spread far beyond Italy, however, and his music is found in sixteenth-century printed books and manuscripts in libraries all over Europe. It is not surprising therefore to find Formschneider of Nuremberg publishing Isaac's greatest work for the first time as late as 1550-1555, more than thirty years after the composer's death. The copy used for the edition was prepared by Isaac's Swiss pupil, Ludwig Senfl.

The 'Choralis Constantinus' is one of the most grandiose tasks ever attempted by a composer. As Dr. Cuyler points out on pp. 15-17 of her book, the 'Choralis Constantinus' "comprises, in its entirety, . . . polyphonic settings of the proper of the Mass . . . for all Sundays of the liturgical year, of the commons of the Saints, and of propers for most of the principal feasts and Saints' days. . . . In Léonin's 'Magnus Liber Organi', which was revised and supplemented by Pérotin, there exists the forerunner and prototype of Isaac's 'Choralis Constantinus'. No other composer essayed a similar task in the three centuries . . . between these two epochal works, and only William Byrd [in his 'Gradualia'] attempted it after Isaac". Formschneider's publication was issued in three sections, each consisting of four bulky part-books. The first two sections were reprinted in score in Volumes V and XVI of the Austrian Denkmäler; and after a gap of more than forty years Dr. Cuyler and the University of Michigan have completed the work begun by Bezecny, Rabl and Anton von Webern<sup>1</sup>.

The motets contained in Book III fall into twenty-five groups. These differ considerably in size, the largest containing thirty-eight motets and the smallest only one. Each group comprises settings of the Introits, Alleluia verses, Sequences and Communions associated with one particular Feast. In addition, Isaac provides settings of five Tracts, to replace the Alleluias when a Feast happens to fall in a penitential season. Each motet is founded on the plainsong of its text, this being usually placed in the bass and treated more or less as a *canto-fermo*. The counterpoint of the remaining voices is related to the plainsong material though not as closely as it would be, for instance, in a motet by Palestrina; moreover the counterpoint is mainly non-imitative, less elegant than

<sup>1</sup>Section (or Book) III of the 'Choralis' also includes five settings, not all complete, of the Ordinary of the Mass. Since these differ in nature from the motets that form the whole of the remainder of the 'Choralis,' Dr. Cuyler has wisely excluded them the present volume. She is preparing an edition of them for future publication.

Palestrina's, it is true, but virile and fluent and well worth singing. Most of the motets are à 4, though there are a few for 2, 3 and 5 voices.

The 400 pages of music in Dr. Cuyler's edition correspond to more than 600 pages of Formschneider's original. The sheer bulk of the material must have made the transcription laborious and tiring, and Isaac's intricate notation, filled with traps and tricks of every kind, slows up a transcriber even more. These eccentricities of notation show how typical of his time and of his training Isaac was. To wrap up straightforward musical material in a parcel of canonic or notational puzzles was a characteristic trait of the late fifteenth-century Flemish composers, and one that has led many historians to dismiss the music as a mere bag of bother. This is an unjust attitude. The composers were dedicating their music to God's service not only by making it as lovely as they could, but also as finely finished as possible. Similar joy in the technique of a highly skilled craft is found in religious carving or jeweller's work of the time. It is not just a tiresome occupational disease of composers.

Dr. Cuyler deserves high praise for the satisfactory way in which she has carried out a difficult piece of transcription. The music is now ready for performance, with modern clefs, sensibly but not extravagantly reduced note-values, and regular barring; yet the scholar is given a great deal of information about the appearance of the original source, even if some of his questions will remain unanswered. Prefatory staves to the first motet of each group show its original clefs, time-signatures, key-signatures and notation. Ligatures are shown as usual; black notation is not indicated in any way, nor are *signa congruentiae*, or the innumerable changes of time-signature. The tessitura of the altus parts is uncomfortable, except to countertenors, and it is arguable that transposition of certain motets up or down a few notes would make choirs and choirmasters more ready to tackle them. And by no means all of the motets are suitable for SATB, though that is what the editor's choice of clefs tends to imply. The book itself is well printed and surprisingly cheap (\$6). This price has been made possible by the lithographic technique used for its production. Edwards Brothers are among the leading American experts at this process. The music is reproduced from a professionally copied MS. and the literary text has been set on a Vari-typer. This ingenious invention, a cross between a typewriter and a composing machine, produces a printed page which now compares favourably in appearance with one set up by the much more costly method of type-setting, and the Vari-typer can be operated by unskilled labour. Here, then, is a practical way of reducing the high price of scholarly books to an approachable level, and it is to be hoped it may be introduced over here.

Few points in Dr. Cuyler's fifty-six page introduction call for discussion. The increasing use of 2- and 3-part writing towards the end of the 'Choralis', the greater number of final chords containing complete triads, the occurrence of extended note-against-note passages, and the abandonment of the more extravagant kinds of notation: these suggest that the order of the motets in the 'Choralis' corresponds somewhat to the order of their composition, and Dr. Cuyler does not attach enough weight to stylistic features of this kind in her discussion of this particular problem. One or two specific motets call for comment, too. An instance

that caught my eye is the two-part setting of "Ethiopes horridos" on p. 88. This is immediately followed by a four-part setting of the same words—a very rare occurrence in the 'Choralis'—and it is tempting to think it is the remains of a draft version which Isaac intended to exclude from the completed work. The highly unsatisfactory sound of the two-part setting provides additional support for this hypothesis. A first-line index of contents would have been a valuable addition to the introductory matter. And I must deplore the phrase "word placement", used here as an ugly new term for the well-established and concise "underlay".

There are a few trivial misprints, most of them easily put right with a stroke of the pen. Dots have failed to print on some pages, and there are more substantial slips on pp. 186, 273, 278 and 301. The five stave-lines are very often spaced unequally—a tiresome blemish on the admirable work of the two copyists concerned and one that could easily have been avoided. There are some blemishes in the actual transcription, too, though they are few in number considering the extent and difficulty of what the editor set out to do. Many of them can, no doubt, be accounted for by the fact that she has had to work from microfilms. These are an invaluable aid to scholars, but they are tiring to use and on occasion a feature that is clear in the original may become invisible in the film. I have checked as many as possible of the following list of corrections against her source, the fine British Museum copy of the complete Formschneider edition which is still in its noble sixteenth-century leather binding and in new condition. The list is offered as a small contribution to the greater value of a book that is already assured of a useful and honoured place among scholars and lovers of sixteenth-century music.

To save space I have adopted the following conventions in my listing: "331.2.4" denotes the fourth beat of the fourth bar in the second set of staves on p. 331; d. = discantus, a. = altus, t. = tenor, b. = bassus, B = breve, S = semibreve, M = minim, C = crotchet, Q = quaver.

65.2.4<sup>a</sup>.t. Add tie?

85.1.8.b. Delete added bar, set back b. one bar and insert one (editorial) bar's rest between 85.2.6 and 7.

88.4.b., 259.1.3., 265.1.8., 336.3.4., 425.1.1. The time-signatures should be 6/4, not 3/2.

114.3.2<sup>a</sup>.a. Should this not be two tied crotchet A's?

154.3.2.d. The imitation demands that the first note should be G; the a. given in Formschneider (C G) is correct, therefore.

183.1.2.a. B D is more probable than B A, though it is not in Formschneider.

184.3.3.b. The type is set upside down in the source, and the correct note is therefore S G.

188.1.6<sup>a</sup>.t. G, not A.

189.3.2.t. The correct rhythm of the next two notes is B S, not S. S.

215.2.9<sup>a</sup>.t. C M, not M C.

226.3.d. There's a mess here; the correct rhythm is C C. Q C C C M. / M M C M C. Q, all in triplet crotchets, the first C being tied.

227.1.t. An alteration of the original text needs a footnote.

227.2.b. So does a variant reading; Formschneider contains two versions of this b.

229.3.8., 230.3.4. These sections would be better in 3/1, not 3/2.

233.2.6<sup>a</sup>.t. This E is corrected to F in the source, though by means of an almost invisible pen stroke.

239.2.6.a. Another rhythmic trap; the correct reading is a *M* rest followed by (in triplet crotchets) *C Q/Q C C./Q C*, the first two *Q*'s being tied.

252.1.7<sup>1</sup>.a. Amend this, by analogy with previous phrase, to *Q F Q G C A*, the first *Q* being tied.

302.1.8<sup>a</sup>.a. The plainsong shows that the b. E given in Formschneider is correct; consequently this note should be G, not F.

305.1.6.d. Should read G F G, not B A B.

333.1.1.b. Better as *M A*, followed by a *M* rest.

334.1.5.a. Should be C D E E E C, not A B C C C A; 334.1.7.d. should be B G, therefore, not S G followed by S rest—Formschneider is correct here.

343.1.4<sup>1</sup>.a. B is preferable to D.

353.2.6<sup>1</sup>.t. And A to C, perhaps.

363. Footnote; nonsense! The original has A.

438.3.7 and 8.t. and b., 403.3.2.d. and 3.t. The underlay has been rather mauled about on occasions, and these are two of the worst; similar rhythms must, whenever possible, have similar underlays.

426.2.8<sup>1</sup>.d. D, not B (cf. a. previous bar).

430.3.7<sup>a</sup>.t. F, not G.

434.2.1.b. Would be clearer in 3/1.

440.2.8<sup>a</sup>.d., 443.2.8<sup>a</sup>.d. Ties would seem to be missing here.

444.2.6<sup>1</sup>.b. G, not F.

T. D.

*Joseph Haydn. The Complete Works: Critical Edition of Symphonies No. 82-87.* Edited by H. C. Robbins Landon. pp. 343. (Haydn Society, Inc., Boston-Vienna. In co-operation with Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig-Wiesbaden. London representative: Alfred A. Kalmus, 24 Great Pulteney Street, W.1. 1950. £3 10s. od.)

Later than was anticipated but earlier than the magnitude of the task might well have excused, the first volume of the Complete Edition of Haydn's works has been issued by the Haydn Society. It is not the promised four early Masses edited by Dr. Brand, but the "Paris" symphonies edited by H. C. Robbins Landon, a change made necessary by Dr. Brand's long illness. Nevertheless, since Mr. Landon founded the Haydn Society, it seems appropriate his work should be first in the field. It is certainly very welcome.

Looking at the volume's economical, thick grey-paper cover, with the little black silhouette of Haydn in the centre reproducing the one in the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, and reading the severely simple inscription which says this is Series 1, Vol. 9 of the Complete Edition, Symphonies No. 82-87, one is whimsically reminded of the leaden casket in 'The Merchant of Venice', "Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught", but



which on being opened was found to hold the treasure. This volume does contain a treasure of lovely music, set forth with fine scholarship. Here at last is an edition of the "Paris" Symphonies as accurate as consultation and comparison with Haydn's original autograph scores and signed parts can make it; and in the case of the one symphony, No. 85, for which an autograph is lacking, scarcely less authentic sources have fortunately been available from the British Museum and the Esterházy Collection via Breitkopf and Härtel.

The volume opens with a valuable General Preface by Professor Jens Peter Larsen, Chairman of the Executive Committee and General Editor of the edition, in which he says: "The scope of the edition will be not only to provide musical research with material needed for a full appreciation of Haydn's position within the historical development of musical classicism, but also to make accessible to the musical world for the first time a great many Haydn works which were practically unknown or inaccessible or which were not hitherto presented in a critically revised form." He then refers to the Breitkopf "Gesamtausgabe", relating the reasons which made it desirable to start this new Collected Edition afresh from the beginning; and he explains the policy governing it in the questions of authenticity, the grouping and arrangement of the works, the critical analysis of sources, and the problems of uniform editorial practice. To read this is to feel assured that a calm, admirable wisdom controls all. The problems of notation, lay-out and interpretation of Haydn's ornaments have all been solved; the outmoded peculiarities of notation have been translated into the notation symbols of to-day. The result is a text faithful to Haydn's intentions, but modern to the eye, and so not open to ignorant misreading. Another important principle is that all divergencies from the source-notation are to be stated in the text revision. The revised chronological list of symphonies is a useful feature, especially since, though new information is included, it is linked on to the familiar numeration of the old Gesamtausgabe list compiled by Mandyczewski.

Mr. Landon's Preface and Text Revision, which buttress this volume at the end, are another model exposition of the editorial policy. Not easy to read, on account of close condensation of the historical, critical and textual material concerning these symphonies, this text revision nevertheless covers forty-eight pages, and represents what must have been a gruelling piece of work. However, Mr. Landon's love for his subject has carried him through it on a high tide of enthusiasm, energy and ability. If the volumes to come—and their number is fifty-nine or more—maintain the high standards set in this one, then indeed the edition will have been made in the same spirit as that which animated Haydn when he said of his oratorio 'The Creation' that he "spent much time over it, because he intended it to last for a long time".

M. M. S.

*Folksongs of Alabama.* Collected by Byron Arnold. pp. 192. (University of Alabama Press, Birmingham, Alabama. 1950.)

What is a reviewer to say to an author or, in this case, an author-collector-editor, who blandly announces that he has done those things he

ought not to have done, but has done them because he likes them so? An author is entitled to choose his own objective; to provide, for instance, a popular rather than a scholarly book, if he so wishes. Yet if he publishes it through a university press, adopts the now generally accepted methods of American folk-song collectors, which are in the main scientifically sound, and prints a critical apparatus and bibliography, his disclaimers ought not to exempt him from the strictures of having been too light-hearted, too careless and too superficial.

Mr. Arnold is too light-hearted in that, on his own showing, he plunged into collecting the songs but took no variants, swept into his net all and sundry, including songs that are certainly not folk-songs and many worthless tunes, and arranged them under singers in the order in which they were sung to him and not on any comparative basis. His carelessness is shown in small matters, *e.g.* the inclusion under two authors of the same book (Sharp's 'English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians'), of whom one is the publisher, and not spotting in proof that "modal" must be spelt with an *a* and not *e*. So that one sometimes questions his notation of the tunes. Does the Dorian tune to 'Bobby Bumble' really overshoot its final to the flattened seventh at the cadence? And does not 'Song about Snowball' need a few more accidental and contradiction signs to make it quite clear, especially in the phrase with the missing bar-line? The cross-references are limited to recent American collections.

But if one thus disputes the disclaimer, "the present scheme is not academic in intent," one can find a great deal of academic interest. Perhaps the outstanding thing about the tunes as a representative collection is that so high a proportion of them are primitive. Musical evolution is thus not a matter of date but of the level of culture. Pentatonism is common, and so is the rudimentary structure which uses the same phrase at different levels of pitch. There is one remarkable negro spiritual consisting of repetitions of a one-bar three-note tune; but we are told of it that it was accompanied by hopping, and "when Aunt Eliza really got religion she could jump two feet in the air in spite of her age and size." In his first paragraph Mr. Arnold brings another testimony to an early stage of evolution, which would confirm one of Curt Sachs's theories: at a negro "foot-washing" he heard singing in parallel fourths and fifths, though he does not print this example.

The volume contains 153 songs, texts and tunes, that fall into four main categories, (a) songs of English origin, (b) songs of American and Alabaman origin, (c) negro work-songs and spirituals, (d) "play-party" songs, *i.e.* nursery-rhymes, and an adult equivalent that belongs to social conditions peculiar to American rural communities. Perhaps in the light of the heterogeneous interest of the collection Mr. Arnold may be forgiven for gathering in his grave-yard ditties, his hymn-book derivatives, his made-up ballads. His collection is, in fact, a mixed one, containing traditional and popular songs as well as true folk-songs. Alabama was virgin country; it has yielded nothing of any great beauty or novelty, but material, despite the author's professed intention, of interest to the student, the scholar and the expert.

F. H.

Béla Bartók: *Viola Concerto*. Op. Posth. Prepared for publication by Tibor Serly. Full score, miniature score and reduction for viola and piano. (London, Boosey & Hawkes. 1950.)

When a composer dies leaving his last work unfinished there are three things to be done. The simplest is to leave it alone, as an object of pious regret. But the world is not satisfied with such tactful behaviour. The second is, when possible, to complete the dead man's design without adding matter not of his own composition. The third is for a musician who was in close contact with the composer's mind at the time of the composition, to treat the uncompleted manuscript according to the ideals known to have been in that creative mind. Křenek took the second approach in preparing the Adagio of Mahler's tenth symphony for performance. Alfano must be credited or debited with the third attitude for his completion of Puccini's 'Turandot'. Completion is a thankless task, even more thankless than translation, for in either case the person concerned can never be sure that he is fulfilling the creator's wishes. The public, when confronted with the result of his labours, will be on the alert to smell a rat.

Bartók's viola concerto finds itself open to these dissatisfactions, even though it was the second approach that Tibor Serly chose when preparing the score. Affection was one of his motives; and in part he was persuaded by William Primrose, who had commissioned the concerto and knew, from a letter written by Bartók some weeks before his death, that the draft score was finished. Serly's task was vexing. Bartók's sketch-draft was not easy to decipher, and to make the undertaking more difficult was the knowledge that the composer had seen the problems of his accepted medium as involving a departure from the manner of his "last period". Certainly there are some features in the second and third movements which reflect the idiom of the third piano concerto and of the fifth string quartet, but the compact clarity of the work as it now stands finds no precedent in Bartók's output of extended compositions.

Serly must have assumed that the concerto's laconic sparseness of argument and texture was intentional, and he has set them down as faithfully as possible. How otherwise could the last two movements be as short as they are, and how could the wealth of material exposed in the Moderato find such brief development? There must still be gnawing in Serly's conscience the realization that a composer will go on adding to his work until the last note, the dynamic marking and the phrasing have been set down in ink on the definitive score—particularly when the composer is as scrupulously minded as was Bartók. But we who play or listen must be glad that Serly has done what in all sobriety could be done to preserve this concerto, for its thought and sound proclaim the stimulation of mastery and the magic of genius. Once accepted in the form that has found performance, and the compulsion, the coherence of the music follow like a charm. The solo writing is of great brilliance and lyrical warmth. The orchestration, Serly's own work, tells superbly. It is a deeply moving work.

In the printed scores three movements are recognized. But the first, according to Primrose, ends at bar 230 and, in performance, a break follows before the Lento Parlando. Yet this section refers, indirectly in the viola's parlando and directly in the bassoon's Moderato solo, to

foregoing material, and nothing will convince me that it is part of the *Adagio Religioso*. The passage is structurally essential to the first movement and it is unnecessarily mystifying to make this break. Everything becomes clear if the work is regarded as an uninterrupted train of musical thought. For the convenience of those who acquire the score, I may point out that in the first movement the *a tempo* should apply, not to bar 77, but bar 76; that the bass part in bars 65-66 should be assigned to cellos; and that in bar 175 the last crotchet B should be a quaver rising to dotted crotchet E, thus giving the bar a  $5/4$  time-signature which returns to  $4/4$  in the next bar.

W. S. M.

*Overture sur des thèmes juifs, Op. 34.* By Serge Prokofiev. (Boosey & Hawkes. 10s.)

This is a welcome re-issue of the parts of a work written in 1919 for clarinet, string quartet and piano. Barbaric, mysterious quaver drummings and oriental melodic forms (the exotic first theme somehow contrives to be perfect clarinet music) combine with a toccata-like semi-quaver movement and great structural skill on the part of the composer to form a highly diverting piece.

E. J.

*Cancionero musical de la Casa de Medinaceli.* Vol. I. Transcribed and edited by Miguel Querol Gavaldá. (Instituto Español de Musicología, Barcelona.)

Next to the famous 'Canconiero Musical de Palacio' there is no more important source for Spanish secular polyphony than this. The whole "canconiero" contains sacred music as well, which is to be published later. This volume is a first instalment of the secular items. One welcomes this scholarly evidence that the curtain which obscures such large tracts of Spanish musical history is being lifted. The pieces here presented date from the middle of the sixteenth century, the chief types being the Madrigal, the Canción and the Villancico. While this music cannot claim, as much English secular music of the sixteenth century can, to rank artistically with the best sacred works, there is much of interest.

Among the composers, Ginés de Morata is clearly of the first rank, combining formal beauty with technical mastery. Francisco Guerrero shows himself able to hit upon that popular yet exact turn of musical speech which we associate with Morley, and the solitary contribution from Bernal Gonzales, with its virile syncopations and occasionally rough harmony, is outstanding to English ears.

I. K.

*Romeo and Juliet.* Opera by Boris Blacher. Vocal score. (Universal Edition.)

A slender score and a performing time of sixty-five minutes would lead one to suppose that this was, at most, incidental music. It is, in fact, a complete chamber opera in three acts, with plot, characters and orchestra reduced almost below subsistence level. The protagonist is the chorus, not used primarily for crowd-effects but rather, in the Greek manner, as a frame of commentary, taking over for this purpose not only

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speeches by Escalus, Friar Lawrence and Mercutio, who do not appear, but also lines, such as the Nurse's "His name is Romeo, and a Montague", which are thus given an added significance. The writing for chorus, almost entirely homophonic, has an austere strength that is impressive. There is a great deal of ostinato in the accompaniments, at once a source of strength and of weakness. The vocal writing, though angular, is on occasion truly lyrical.

Can these bones live? Reports from Salzburg seem to suggest that they can. But what a wilfully inappropriate subject to choose for ossification!

I. K.

*Concerto da Camera.* For String Orchestra. By George Dyson. Score. (Novello. 15s.) *Tarn Hows, a Cumbrian Rhapsody.* By Maurice Johnstone. Score. (Lengnick. 3s. 6d.) *Lilliburlero*, Opus 48, Improvisations on a Martial Melody. By Hans Gál. Full Score. (Novello. 17s. 6d.)

Sir George Dyson's *Concerto* is best included here among the orchestral music since, apart from the optional use of a solo quartet in parts of the slow movement, there is no exploiting of the formal and colour effects made possible by contrasting a solo instrument or group with the orchestral *ripieno*, although this occurs in the great majority of concertos written from the earliest up to recent times. Nor is any use made of the *ritornello* device, the essential formal principle in at least the first movements of "baroque" and classical concertos. But this chamber orchestral work is no symphony either. The general spirit of the work and of the themes themselves are in fact more reminiscent of the early type of chamber concerto, and the title is to this extent justified. In the two outer movements there is rhythmical drive, but little new meaning is added to previously heard themes. The slow movement is perhaps the best, with more lyricism and feeling than the others. The scoring is well managed throughout, with no extravagance.

Some may consider outmoded a work in the category to which 'Tarn Hows' belongs, that is to say, music of a highly romantic outlook coupled with an impressionist technique. But there is no doubt that the composer is here expressing genuine inspiration and feeling and at the same time displaying considerable technical skill. It is to his credit that this work, consisting of a single movement with hardly any change of basic tempo and lasting fifteen to sixteen minutes, is able by means of well-placed and controlled climaxes to hold the attention from its *pianissimo* beginning to its *pianissimo* ending.

Tunes already well known to the listener can have powerful formal and emotional effects when introduced into a texture of newly composed music, according to the nature of the tune itself and the general structure of the composed piece, as witness the variety of effects obtained in introducing chorale melodies, or the clinching effect of "Gaudeamus Igitur" in Brahms's Academic Festival overture. But when short snatches of a very familiar tune—in this case *Lilliburlero*—are introduced from time to time into a texture virtually new (though visibly based on the tune), the effect is irritating. Nor is it much improved by rhythmic or melodic alteration, especially when imitation and sequence are involved, as in

these improvisations, which are in effect six free variations and finale on the theme announced, with much chromatic harmony. In spite of much interesting scoring, Dr. Gál does not carry us wholehearted with him.

E. J.

*Scherzo.* By Lennox Berkeley. (Chester. 2s. 6d.) *Nocturne-Romance.* By F. W. Coventry. (Curwen. 2s. 6d.) *Nocturnes*, in E and F $\sharp$ . By Norman Della Joio. (Fischer, New York.) *Trois pièces nègres pour les touches blanches.* For piano duet. By Constant Lambert. (Oxford University Press. 6s.) *Prelude and Fugue on a theme by Cyril Scott.* By Edmund Rubbra. (Lengnick. 2s. 10d.) *Toccata.* By John Vallier. (Elkin. 2s. 6d.)

Lennox Berkeley's is a gay, irresponsible piece dedicated to a virtuoso. For the ordinary player it is far too difficult for the exiguous subject-matter. The rest of these pieces are all easier than much modern piano music. "Modern" is, except literally, the last word to apply to F. W. Coventry's composition, for in melody, modulation and, above all, in harmony he shows himself much less adventurous than Chopin. There are, however, compensations, not least a sensitive attitude to the pedal. Dello Joio's Nocturnes are delightful, showing genuine romantic feeling, refined harmony and a keen sense of texture. Constant Lambert's pieces are 'Aubade', 'Siesta' and yet another 'Nocturne', this one, however, rather neon- than star-lit. The dashing and syncopated style is that of 'Rio Grande'.

Cyril Scott's tenuous theme from the first piano sonata offers Rubbra a starting-point only. The piece is an experiment in tonality, for its limpid prelude is held firmly in D $\flat$ , while the curiously arid fugue remains in foreign keys until its sudden quiet close. 'Toccata' will fill a constant need of the concert pianist—a humorous and brilliant piece which is not too exhausting to play after an evening on the platform.

I. K.

*String Quartet.* No. 4, Op. 21. By Benjamin Frankel. Miniature score. (Augener. 4s. 6d.) *Three Pieces.* Op. 121. For violoncello and piano. By C. Armstrong Gibbs. (Augener. 2s. 6d. each.) *String Quartets.* Nos. 4 and 5. By Elizabeth Maconchy. (Lengnick. 5s. 9d. and 5s. 7½d.) *String Quartets.* Nos. 3 and 5. By Willem Pijper. (Lengnick. 5s. each.) *Trio in one movement.* Op. 68. For piano, violin and violoncello. By Edmund Rubbra. (Lengnick. 8s.)

In his fourth string quartet Benjamin Frankel turns to a more esoteric harmonic style, but many features which have won him earlier successes remain, notably a clear sense of direction, expressed in language which, though economical, is robust, especially in its rhythms. The second movement, marked "scherzando" with dangerous imprecision, there being no indication of speed, raises some doubts. Its whimsicality seems to last too long, and its material is slight.

Elizabeth Maconchy, like Frankel, is a vigorous and convincing writer of quartets who does not fear passion and sonority. The fourth quartet is a short work, a *tour de force* in that its four linked movements

are built on the same short figure of a rising third to the exclusion of almost all other melodic invention. That the work lives, and lustily at that, is due to its rhythmic drive and dramatic power. The fifth quartet, in more expansive mood, is unified by the use of the melodic intervals of minor ninths and diminished octave, and by frequent use of chromatic accompanying figures of a compass of a fourth and even less. It is a fine work, which occasionally looks over-complicated rhythmically.

Pijper's two quartets are obviously full of imagination, especially in their colouring. The earlier one reveals its date (1925) in over-elaborate texture and harmony which make it difficult for all concerned. The slow movement is beautiful. The later work—unfinished, in two movements—is altogether more disciplined. Its simpler style reveals ingratiating melody and harmony, while retaining a sense of colour which constantly charms the ear.

Colour is not one of Edmund Rubbra's obvious qualities, and his Trio, though finely constructed as ever, has some drab stretches. The harmonic freedom, however, of the immense opening paragraph is striking enough, and in the concluding "meditations" the music takes wing. The writing for piano tends to be thick, and the upper registers are almost completely neglected. But the composer is a fine enough pianist to know his intentions.

Armstrong Gibbs's short cello pieces are entitled 'She loves me not', 'Nocturne' and 'A Laughing Tune'. They are in simple ternary style, and are colourful without being difficult. The third piece uses delightfully the instrument's capacity for pompous humour. I. K.

*Concerto Symphonique.* For piano and orchestra. By Ernest Bloch. Reduction for two pianos by the composer. (Boosey & Hawkes. 17s. 6d.) *Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra.* By Alan Rawsthorne. Score, including Piano condensation. (Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d.) *Rhapsody.* For English horn and strings. By Gordon Jacob. Arrangement for English horn and piano by John Addison. (Joseph Williams. 6s. 6d.)

Bloch's *Concerto Symphonique* is, as its title may be intended to imply, a large-scale work lasting thirty-eight minutes and scored originally for large orchestra. The piano plunges straight into music typical of Bloch in his rugged, one might almost say barbaric, mood. It has, in fact, a distinct character which is maintained throughout the three movements, becoming if anything more and more prominent and making the piece more and more exciting. But it may be that there is not enough relief from the continuous tension. Calm sections are rare, even in the middle movement, so that the listener becomes tired even before the performers (who have a difficult technical task). This effect may be accentuated by the composer's too frequent mannerism of following, say, a short, pounding phrase immediately by a repetition or sequence. The solo writing is brilliant and effective but, as so often in modern piano concertos, it tends to neglect the sonorities offered by the middle register when played fairly quietly and not obscured by the orchestra, though these may not be required in a work of this character.

Rawsthorne's work likewise has a character of its own, maintained throughout the three movements. This is an attractive work, well written for soloist and strings alike, with plenty of inspiration and interest in both the basic thematic materials and in all the musical situations resulting from the development and formal treatment of these. The main body (Allegro) of the first movement seems rather short, but this is no doubt intentional, for the work as a whole hangs together very well.

Gordon Jacob's Rhapsody is a smaller work, being in two sections linked together. The first (Adagio), in the main a delightfully simple melody for the English horn, is perhaps the more attractive, since the quick movement, though possessed of rhythmical and structural drive, is more neutral in expression, while having certain thematic connections with the first movement. An alternative part for alto saxophone is provided.

E. J.

### REVIEWERS

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## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of 'Music & Letters'*

### THE DEGENERATE HORN

Sir,

During the past two hundred years the horn has undergone three major changes, each in its turn a target for the slings and arrows of outraged critics. The first was the introduction, c. 1750-60, of hand stopping; next, some sixty years later, came the valve horn; lastly, within recent years as far as this country is concerned, the German F/B $\flat$  double-horn which is causing Mr. Farquharson Cousins such pain.

'New Instructions for the French Horn', published by Longman, Lukey & Co in the 1770s, soon after hand-stopping technique had been introduced to London by Spandau and Punto, has this to say about the innovation: "Mr. Ponto and many others, famous on this instrument, constantly use this method, by which means the half-tones are expressed, which is not to be done by any method; but it is deemed by Judges of the Horn that the principal beauty, the Tone, is greatly impaired thereby". History has shown up the opinion of the "Judges" for what it was worth.

The valve horn aroused little hostility at first. It was considered, and used, as an ordinary hand horn on which four crook-changes could be made without recourse to loose crooks. In addition, a few notes which, on the hand horn, require so much stopping as to be musically valueless, could be played as open notes by depressing a valve. This was, in fact, the technique advocated and taught by such men as P. J. Meifred and J. R. Lewy. But directly the valve mechanism had become efficient enough for composers to start treating the horn as a chromatic instrument, the critics set up a howl—the echo of which had barely died down at the beginning of the present century—that all the poetry was being taken out of the horn. Meifred, it may be recalled, professed a valve-horn class at the Paris Conservatory from 1833 until his retirement in 1864. The class was thereupon promptly suppressed, and no valve horn was permitted to darken the doors of that august institution until it crept in again surreptitiously in 1896. Even so, it was not officially recognized until 1903!

It is therefore quite in keeping with tradition that, like a knight of the era of chivalry, Mr. Cousins should proclaim his lady-love the fairest and purest damsel of all time, tie her glove to his cap and challenge to mortal combat any who should dare to question the justice of his assertion.

May I, Sir, take up the challenge, and be allowed to break a gentle lance with this bold knight?

Your correspondent would have us believe that, while the German horn embodies every vice known to Satan and his minions, the French horn with what he rather cryptically calls its "natural bore in F" is an epitome of all the virtues. But no sooner has his eloquence begun to win

us over to his side than he proceeds carefully to demolish his own argument by telling us that Mr. Brain has to use a B $\flat$  crook because of the deficiencies of the F.

This "natural bore" was established in the late eighteenth century by Joseph Raoux and his son Lucien-Joseph, at the behest of the eminent Bohemian virtuoso Carl Thiirschmidt. But as the great hand-horn soloists favoured above all the E $\flat$  crook, it may not unreasonably be assumed that a bore which should be at its best with that crook would be uppermost in the Raoux mind. The F crook really came into its own only with the advent of the valve horn, with which it proved a happy half-way compromise between the highest and lowest standard crooks. As it happens, it is also the lowest crook with which valves will give satisfactory performance.

As for the statement that "B $\flat$  harmonics cannot be the upper partials of F"—of course they cannot. Nor can those of Mr. Cousin's F horn when he presses down a valve. . . .

So far from being a recent innovation, large-bore orchestral horns have been in constant use since the eighteenth century. In my own collection I have one by Smith and Sons, made in the late eighteenth century, and another, complete with three rotary valves and dated 1835, by Glier of Warsaw, both with bores fully as large as that of the modern German horn. And I could give details of many more. No doubt the success of the great soloists with Raoux horns led to the general adoption, at least in this country and in France, of instruments of this type.

That Messrs Paersch, Borsdorf and other players named by Mr. Cousins should not have adopted the double-horn is not surprising. They were mature artists when it appeared on the market, and can scarcely have been expected to discard the instruments they had mastered, and which sufficed for their needs, and learn a new technique—for it is a new technique. Their pupils, not unnaturally, followed their masters' methods, and a few of these, notably Alfred and Aubrey Brain, achieved exceptional skill. If, however, the younger brother remained faithful to the Raoux horn, I have heard it whispered that Alfred Brain, when he went to America, forsook it for the hated usurper—and a B $\flat$  one at that!

Outside a small élite who had the monopoly of all the best business, horn playing in this country was, by general consent, at a pretty low ebb during the half-century that preceded World War I, poor tone being all too common and cracked notes ten a penny. The widespread adoption, since the 1920s, of the German horn has at any rate turned cracked notes almost into museum pieces, and if we have largely eliminated them, surely music has made a worth-while gain. And, after all, bad tone on the German horn is not so much more repulsive than bad tone on the French horn.

Ah, I hear you say: Messrs. Paersch and Co. did not crack notes! Perhaps not often, but then there have never been enough players of their calibre to go round. Those of lesser stature can now do as well as regards certainty of attack as those giants of the past, and maybe their tone will not be so very much inferior to that of the general run thirty or forty years ago.

Let us look for a moment into this question of poor tone, which some would have us believe is inseparable from the German horn.

The so-called large-bore horn would really be more accurately described if it were called the large-bell horn, for it is only in the distal third of the instrument that it differs markedly from the Raoux model in that the cone is here far more pronounced and the flare of the bell much wider. This tends to make the instrument more powerful, but coarser—exactly the failings with which the horn was so often reproached prior to the introduction of hand technique.

Wholesale and indiscriminate use of valves has caused this technique to fall into abeyance, and I am convinced that ignorance of it, coupled with the widespread use of heavily choked and cupped mouthpieces, is far more responsible for the existing prevalence of poor tone than any difference in bore and bell. A bad position of the hand in the bell lets out all the latent coarseness of the horn more in the case of the German than in that of the French model, and this is further accentuated by the use of flügelhorn-like mouthpieces.

With all respect to your correspondent, the B $\flat$  horn *can* be made to produce a tone barely, if at all, distinguishable from that of the French horn in F at its best, but it is not easy to explain how this is to be accomplished, since it is so much a matter of the individual. I feel sure, however, that had Mr. Cousins heard a certain performance of a Bruckner symphony broadcast earlier this year by the B.B.C., or a performance by the Berlin Opera of 'Rosenkavalier' given in Paris during the last Paris Exhibition—the first horn was using a B $\flat$  single-horn, and I have never heard a more beautiful or luscious tone—he would have tempered his wholesale condemnation of the German instrument, at least with a question mark.

It is often said that the German horn, especially in B $\flat$ —and the possession of a double-horn tends to make players use the B $\flat$  horn more and more—is very much easier to play than the French horn in F. That this is by no means the case is evident from the poor tone and doubtful intonation so often heard nowadays. Good tone-production is exceedingly difficult, as is good intonation, owing to the inevitable sharpness of all fourth partials as compared to the corresponding eighth partials. To this add fingering that is far more complex, especially in sharp keys, and it will be appreciated that the B-Horn-Bläser still have plenty of hard nuts—if not notes—to crack. The technique is still comparatively new and by no means standardized, but that the difficulties will in time be generally surmounted to the satisfaction even of such doughty champions of the old order as Mr. Farquharson Cousins, I do not for one moment doubt.

R. MORLEY PEGGE.

London, N.W.8.

#### LEITMOTIVES

Sir,

In a publication by the Oxford University Press I notice the strange word *Leitmotif*. To what language, let me inquire, does it belong? Has this singular Franco-German combination a right to appear in an English

book? The French *motif*, the German *motiv*, is in English "motive", a perfectly good word. "Leitmotive" may have seemed a displeasing neologism a hundred years ago, but it long ago earned its naturalization rights. It has the advantage of making a readily comprehensible plural, leitmotives. Those who favour the indefensible "leitmotif" should tell us how the plural is pronounced. Others adhere to the German "Leitmotiv", not always taking a scholastic view of its plural, for "Leitmotiven" (oh, if only German plurals were as easy as all that!) is a common howler. Pedantry makes itself absurd in using the plural "Leitmotive" in an English context. The word does not look like a plural to the common reader, and still less does it sound like one in talk.

London, S.W.

A. M. McL.

### THE HARPSICHORD

Sir,

I have read with great interest the replies of your correspondents, Mr. Dolmetsch and Mr. Donington. They know that I am as pro-harpsichord as anyone. I should, however, like to call attention to the fact that the use of a harpsichord with a modern string group and under modern concert conditions is not quite so simple a matter as they seem to imply. It is not merely a question of balance or dynamics; the problem is deeper and more subtle than that.

The fact is that, for all its *éclat* when heard alone, the harpsichord has a preternatural gift for self-obliviation when pitted against the merest whisper of modern string tone—I mean, of course, orchestral string tone. Its noble retinue of upper partials immediately become stifled out of existence and, to adopt Mr. Donington's onomatopoeia, Ping subsides into Plock. Why is this? The harpsichord is not a quiet instrument, and one would have thought that the high-partial content of its tone should ensure enormous carrying power. My own provisional explanation is that the harpsichord is at the mercy of its thin sound-board and that, while this faithfully magnifies the weak source of energy, it is not robust enough to withstand extraneous reverberation and, in fact, picks up resonance from every other sound-source near it. Much the same is true of the lute and the clavichord, which under favourable resonant conditions can fill a surprisingly large auditorium but are unable to contend with the faintest whaffle of a passing taxi outside.

I am well aware what the "authentick" answer will be. String players must adopt the technique and the bow which are contemporaneous with thoroughbass, and so be led to produce a timbre which, without doubt, lets through the true tone of the harpsichord. Unfortunately they don't, and the performance of Bach cannot be delayed until they do. The only possible expedient, if harpsichord tone is to be preserved in modern concert conditions, is to adopt a microphone technique, as Miss Wallace has done with her iron-framed Pleyel. No one who merely listens to an effortless harpsichord-and-orchestra performance on the Third Programme can have any idea what sweat and tears go into the balancing thereof.

ERIC HALFPENNY.

Ilford.

## HORN AND BASSET HORN

Sir,

Only a momentary carelessness, surely, can have led Miss Martha Kingdon Ward to state that basset horns "replace" horns in Mozart's Requiem. By their very nature, the basset horns replace their relatives, clarinets. There is, however, a curiosity about this replacement. The basset-horn parts lie within the compass of ordinary clarinets, making no use of the basset horn's characteristic lower register. Contrast this with 'La Clemenza di Tito', the other *locus classicus* for Mozart's use of the basset horn: there the florid obbligato to "Non più di fiori" takes the instrument down to its lowest note, the F at the bottom of the bass stave (actual pitch). Did Mozart intend to write some equally characteristic passage in the Requiem, and Süssmayer fail to carry out the plan when completing the work? Has any other explanation been offered?

London, N.W.

ARTHUR JACOBS.

\*\*\* Miss Kingdon Ward replies: "Mr. Jacobs is, of course, perfectly correct in saying that basset horns replace clarinets in Mozart's Requiem, which they do, technically. It was not, however, momentary carelessness which made me write of basset horns replacing horns, but the conviction that they do duty for the usual horn parts written by Mozart as well as those of their relatives, the clarinets. The Requiem employs a small and somewhat unusual orchestra for Mozart, and it seems to me quite reasonable to suggest that basset horns replace both clarinet and horns. Their agility and similar tone quality make them able for Mozart's demands on the clarinet, while their more melancholy air and greater ability to blend enable them suitably to replace the horns. Playing the Requiem with clarinets (which, as Mr. Jacobs says, can manage without more than the ordinary transposition) shows how exactly Mozart understood his orchestra, for the clarinets are inclined to dominate, even when excellently played, and the link between woodwind, trombones and strings is broken."

## MRS. OOM AND 'THE FORTY-EIGHT'

Sir,

'Wesley and The Forty-Eight', an article in 'The Daily Telegraph' of July 22nd 1950, rekindled my interest in the first English edition of the Preludes and Fugues, by Wesley and Horn, a copy of which I possess. It was published by Birchall of Bond Street, in four books, between 1810 and 1813, with title-pages autographed "S. Wesley". My copy has a subscribers' list of 144 names printed and six more added in Wesley's handwriting. The paper of the third book is watermarked 1811, and that of the fourth book 1812.

The writer of the 'Telegraph' article has a comment to make on one of the subscribers:

We are arrested by the name of Mrs. Oom, who put her name—her remarkable name—down for no fewer than twelve copies. We ask, Who was Mrs. Oom? But Echo makes no reply. Not a single Oom is in the London telephone directory. One may suppose her an enthusiast, reflecting Wesley's noble zeal—a deaconess, so to say, of the new cult. It is only just that the name Oom should once more see the light in this year of Bach commemorations.



This writer seems to have been unaware that Mrs. Oom was a person of importance in her day. Oom was not the only name she acquired. In the course of her life she had three, all of them unusual. She was born Papindiek (or Papendiek). In J. T. Lightwood's 'Samuel Wesley, Musician' (Epworth Press, 1937), we read:

The lady . . . was a prominent figure in the musical circles of Wesley's later years. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. Papindiek, Assistant Keeper of the Wardrobe at the Court of Queen Charlotte. This daughter, Charlotte Augusta (so named after the Queen), married in 1802 Mr. Thomas Oom, a rich Russian merchant who held a good position in society. Soon after the marriage he failed in business, and Mrs. Oom opened a seminary for young ladies in order to increase her income. She was an amateur musician of unusual ability, and owing to the success of her undertaking she was once more able to live a life of comfort and refinement. Her husband eventually recovered his position. On his death the widow married the Right Honourable Joseph Planta, Conservative member for Hastings. After his death his widow was granted apartments in Hampton Court Palace, where she died in 1854.

Sir Joseph Planta (1787-1847) was born at the British Museum, where his father, of Swiss extraction, was an official. He became a clerk at the Foreign Office and Castlereagh's secretary. He was elected M.P. for Hastings in 1827 and 1830 and again, after a defeat in 1835, in 1837 and 1841. He was knighted with the G.C.H. (Grand Cross of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order). At Hastings his residence was Fairlight Place at the head of the Glen, a stone-built house of about 1550, but much altered in the course of the centuries. Newspaper reports of the 1835 election described "the noble-looking Mrs. Planta" driving in her carriage around the constituency.

Her son by her first husband, Adolphus, seems to have called himself not Oom but Orme. Wesley dedicated a sonata to Charlotte Augusta.

As for Wesley himself, there is a caustic description of his character by Mrs. Vincent Novello, the wife of one of his dearest friends, who wrote:

I knew him unfortunately too well. Pious Catholic, raving atheist; mad, reasonable; drunk and sober. The dread of all wives and regular families. A warm friend, a bitter foe; a satirical talker; a flatterer at times of those he cynically traduced to others; a blasphemer at times, a purling Methodist at others.

Bexhill-on-Sea.

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON.

#### MEMORIES OF H. P. A.

Sir,

Dr. Thomas Wood's delightful 'Portrait of H. P. A.' in your October number reminds me that, a long while ago, I also was the guest of "Dr. Allen" in the New College organ loft. I made his acquaintance soon after I came up to Oxford in 1913, and received a general invitation of which I availed myself several times before the events of 1914 took me away from the university. I returned in 1919, but by then Allen was gone. When we met in later years he always greeted me kindly, but I cannot claim to have been among his intimate friends. I am a little diffident, therefore, in offering a supplement to Dr. Wood's rich store of anecdotes; but you are the best judge of whether they would interest your readers.

Dr. Spooner, the Warden, had many claims to our respect, but he was no great singer, and when he took the service his performance of the music

that fell to his share often caused Allen to mutter in his moustache. One evening the Warden, ploughing his way *molto adagio* through the Responses, got as far as, "O God, make speed . . ." "I wish you'd make speed," said Allen, and came in with the reply on the organ almost before the last syllable was uttered.

The First Lesson was, on another occasion, about the plagues of Egypt. Allen was fidgety that evening. He had to be doing something, so he put in all the stops and proceeded to improvise on the silent instrument a running commentary on the story—a virtuoso commentary *à la* Liszt, with brilliant octave passages, some of them glissando, and hand-over-hand arpeggios that began at the bottom of the choir manual and worked up diagonally to the top of the swell.

Once I arrived a little early. Allen was there, but had not started to play. There was a stop on his organ that I had never heard before, a mixture on the pedals; I asked him what it did. "That?" he said. "It plays major common chords. Like to hear it?" Without waiting for my reply he drew the mixture only and started his voluntary with a pedal solo. The theme, of course, came out in parallel harmonies, with consecutive fifths and all the rest of it; but Allen continued quite unperturbed, bringing in his hands in due course and building up an improvisation on this peculiar foundation. Is there any other instance on record of the pedal mixture being used as a solo stop?

Hampstead.

PETER LATHAM.

### THE TREMOLO

Sir,

Day by day goes by, and yet we hear no voice raised in criticism of the intolerable habit rampant among female singers of a pulsating tremolo. Those who might condemn it publicly seem to accept it as inevitable. Even Sargent accepts a soprano who shrieks, quivering, through a Mozart aria. Over sixty years ago, as the possessor of unusual treble voice, I had the pleasure of being taken by Miss Agnes Bromby, daughter of the Bishop of Bath and Wells and a friend of Sir John Stainer's, to sing to him those heavenly twins of song "Who is Silvia?" and "Hark, hark the lark." I won his keen appreciation. Can it be imagined what words the quivering blanc-mange of a voice of to-day would have called forth on that occasion?

W. J. HENEY.

Enfield.

Sir,

One of the notices of the Edinburgh Festival mentioned that in 'Ariadne' a certain singer, otherwise commendable, was "not ideally steady in tone".

The wobbling we have heard in the singing of the last fifty years is appalling, and has placed singing, on the whole, outside the pale of musical consideration. The voice is a wind instrument—though a wind instrument of a very special kind, of course—and vocal tone should, except for some extraordinary effect, be fundamentally as steady as that of trumpet or oboe. Manuel Garcia once declared: "The tremolo

ruins every sort of singing." Can no publicist take up Garcia's pronouncement and get it heeded?

The decline of singing began in 1855, when the French throat-specialist Mandl recommended to singers the breathing one uses when lying down, relaxed—in which position and condition the front wall of the abdomen rises—as the proper breathing for the energetic, standing-up activity of singing. But, as Dr. George Cathcart has convincingly argued, our breathing in a state of rest cannot give steady tone. The muscles then employed are governed by the lower brain; those used in correct vocal breathing are under the control of the higher brain.

The prevailing seeking after diaphragmatic breathing is all wrong. The controlling muscles are rather on either side of the upper chest, which rises somewhat, while expansion of the ribs takes place laterally and backwardly (to give a rough account of what should occur), a result being that, the centre of the body being left free, the front abdominal wall retracts. The generation of singers who struggle after diaphragmatic control are pursuing an unhistoric and unscientific heresy. Jenny Lind's tone was as steady as that of the famous flautist Charles Nicholson. Her husband described her method of breathing as "cleverly controlled costal-clavicular". The clavicular part of it, needless to say, involved no visible lifting, heaving, of the shoulders; it was an invisible inflation of the spaces of the lungs.

J. MEWBURN LEVIE.

Rosslyn Hill.

#### AUGUST WILHELMJ

Sir,

The correspondence on violin playing in 'MUSIC & LETTERS' has much interested me. I agree that violin playing to-day is, like most things, all of one pattern. Where is a Kreisler, a Huberman, an Ysaye, a Joachim? Where a Wilhelmj? According to Richter and my husband, Wilhelmj was the greatest of all. Unfortunately he went into retirement—in the 1890s—because of a lapse of memory during a performance of Beethoven's concerto, at Berlin.

He came of a famous wine-growing family of Wiesbaden; and he was too fond of the grape. He settled in England and taught a few privileged pupils, of whom I was one. His was the now dying style—still represented by Casals ("dieser Cello-Poet", as Weingartner called him)—of breadth, impeccable rhythm, a G string like a cello and, despite broad bowing, the utmost economy in the use of the upper arm, with the instrument held very high. Spohr and Bruch had been the founders of his teaching. He was Wagner's first violin in the original Bayreuth orchestra.

The last time Wilhelmj went out—he could hardly ever be persuaded to do so—was when I took him to hear Caruso at Covent Garden in 1905. He had a lionine head of silver hair, and he wore a brown velvet jacket, his decorations covering most of it. Every eye was upon our second-tier box, and Enrico sang his aria at the end of the first act straight at us. Wilhelmj then left, with tears in his eyes. I was later told that, on reaching home, he sat alone in his study for two hours, with several bottles beside him and in his hands the fragments of a baton Wagner had broken during a rehearsal. It had been presented to Wilhelmj, signed and dated.

If Mr. Bonavia said that all violinists now are alike, I agree. Who comes onto the platform like Kreisler? It is the same with a conductor's beat. I was once in a gramophone shop and heard unmistakably a Weingartner record being played in a room. I asked the shopman whether I might go in and listen. He looked at me with compassion for my ignorance, and replied: "Certainly, madam, but it is Stokowski." "What will you bet me?" I asked. Needless to say, it was Weingartner.

Kensington.

BETTY WEINGARTNER.

### THE MANZONI REQUIEM

Sir,

The newspapers have been comparing present-day performances of the Manzoni Requiem with those of the past. My father heard the 1874 performance at Milan, and for him it was "the last word" in the rendering of the work. I recall a lovely performance at Queen's Hall with Louisa Sobrino, who deputized at the last moment for Johanna Gadski; Marie Brema; Anselmi; and Pol Plançon. Mancinelli conducted. Plançon's tone in "Mors stupebit" remains for me the last word.

KATE HOLBROOK.

St. John's Wood.

### 'TWO CENTURIES OF BACH'

Sir,

In your October issue there is rather a serious error in the review of 'Two Centuries of Bach' by Friedrich Blume. Your reviewer accuses Professor Blume of being inconsistent, but when one looks at the evidence, it turns out that it is your reviewer and not Professor Blume who is the guilty party. I quote the relevant sentences from your review:

He (*i.e.* Blume) can be inconsistent: "This background of common experience made it possible for Spitta to understand Bach very closely". But, a few pages later: "Free thinking and sentimental, inclined to compromise and out of date in their views on music as they were, they (Smend, Spitta, Rietschel and Herold) themselves were far from any deep understanding of Bach".

But the second reference is not to Philipp Spitta at all, but to his brother Friedrich Spitta, a theologian (1852-1924). This is made quite clear by Professor Blume, who includes his Christian name and refers to him at this place as a theological critic. There is no possibility of ambiguity. At the same time may I point out that your reviewer is surely not correct in stating that the Goldberg Variations were written for Count Kayserling. I have always understood that they were written for Goldberg, though indeed paid for by the Count. See Sanford Terry's Biography, p. 235.

ALAN FRANK.

44, Conduit Street, W.1.

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